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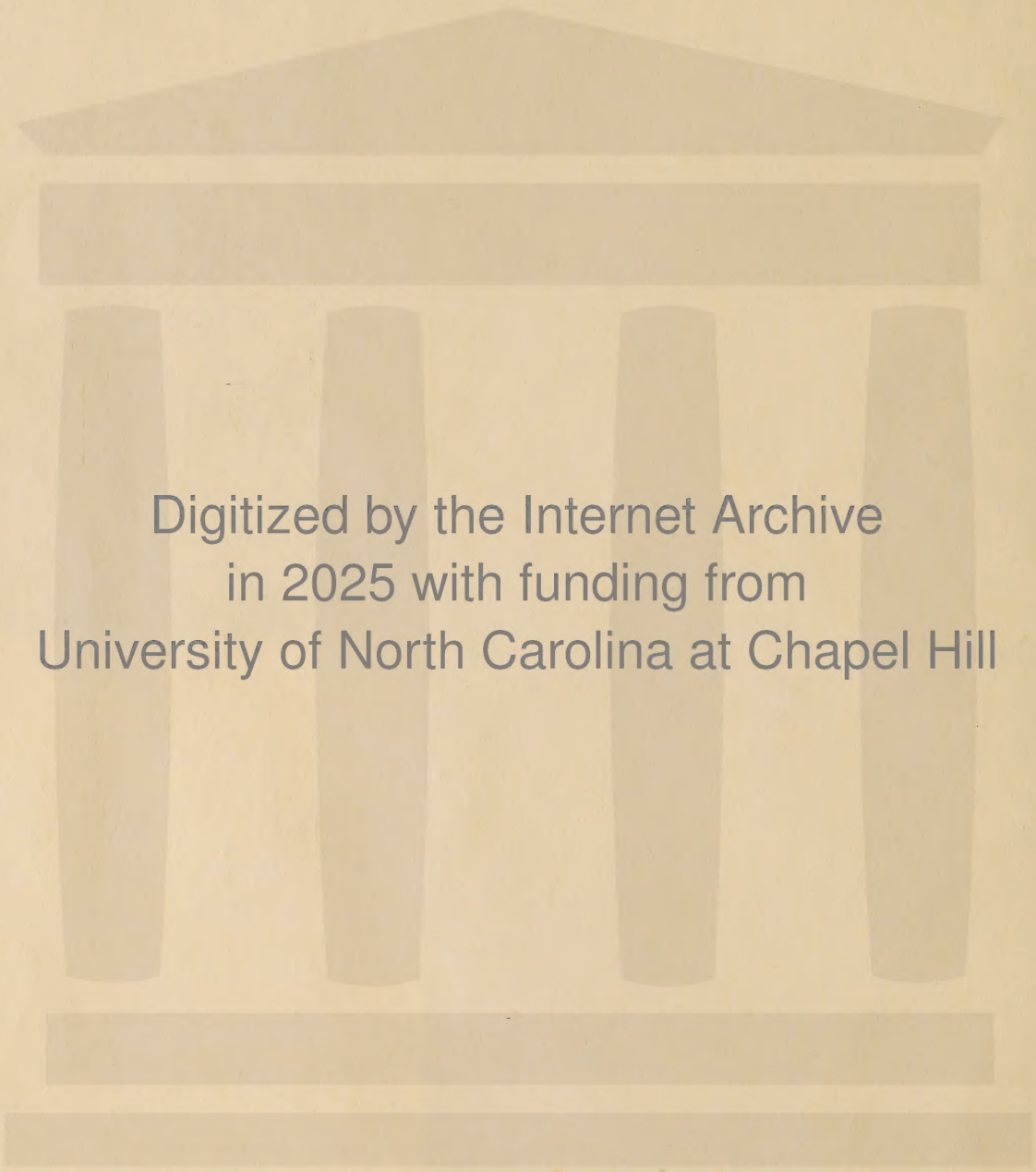

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BAYOU BALLADS

Twelve Folk-Songs
From Louisiana

Texts and Music Collected
By
MINA MONROE

Edited with the Collaboration of
KURT SCHINDLER

Price, [redacted] net

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BAYOU BALLADS of the LOUISIANA PLANTATIONS

The most definite recollections of my childhood on the Labranche Plantation in St. Charles Parish where we lived, are of the singing and dancing of the negroes. This plantation had been in our family from the days of the early settlers and, by a trick of fortune years after the war, with its resulting shiftings and changes, my grandmother found herself mistress of a plantation on which she had lived as a child. Many of the negroes who had wandered away (in fact, nearly all of them) had by then returned to their birthplace to find themselves practically under the same masters and much the same régime, a condition greatly to their joy, judging from the tone of their reminiscences of "avant la guerre"—"befo' de war."

I remember the cheering peal of the "big bell" calling the men to the fields and to work. The last note had hardly died out when a great bustle began in which the shouting of the men to one another, the harnessing of mules, the cracking of whips, the dragging of heavy field implements, mingled in unrestrained confusion until, the mustering completed, the men rode away in conquest of the day's work, singing as they went, their melodious voices now a vivid contrast to the din and noise before.

The songs they sang were appropriate neither to work nor to the joy of accomplishment. They were songs of long ago, the same songs my grandmother had heard, from much the same people, in her childhood, folk-songs that had composed themselves as incidents occurred; and, as usual with folk-music, especially that of primitive races, the origin—the composition of the song—had been provoked by suffering, the sensations they had felt and remembered the most poignantly. But here the key is no reliable guide to the mood the song expressed, and sentiments of gravity or gaiety, pain or pleasure, sorrow or happiness, cannot be detected by the simple clue of a minor or major mode. It would be interesting to trace back the instinct that prompted a crude people to allow themselves the same latitude Handel took in writing his Dead March in "Saul" in major, and the composers of innumerable scherzos in minor.

Whether the song was the expression of his sad or gayer hours, the most persuasive element of negro music is a certain snap, a vigor one must attribute primarily to the great vitality, the *joie de vivre*, that he brought with him from the jungles from which, after all, he had as yet only partly emerged.

With the negroes of the Gulf and Mississippi Valley (Louisiana then comprising all that territory), French and Spanish dominations succeeded each other too rapidly to admit of anything beyond a very superficial imitation of the one nation or of the other in the music that was then in its making. One finds a verve that may well be French, or a sentimental languor one might call Spanish. The proximity in which the negro lived to the dominant race, lent after a time a certain similarity in expression as inevitable in his music as in the spoken tongue. Adaptations and phonetic changes in the unwritten speech of the negroes were the natural consequences of a continued influence of the written and therefore permanent languages surrounding them. These adaptations and phonetic changes were accompanied by a curious simplification of the syntax and etymology of the phrases absorbed, such as doing away with the articles and merging them into the nouns, and making like changes with verbs and pronouns, which resulted in sounds additionally melodious, that lend themselves particularly to verse and song.

But beyond a general influence of the Spanish and French, the negro's music remains characteristically his own, a creation, not an imitation.

The songs collected here are from those I have heard the negroes sing on the Louisiana plantations and in New Orleans.

The old mammy rocked us to sleep, gave us our meals, even bathed us, to the tune of these songs; each occasion having its special and appropriate melody. When asked where they came from she would insist that they had always existed; that her mother's mother had taught them to her as she had been taught before. And so it went with the white children who were so fortunate as to be "raised" by some dusky guardian for whom her young charges were existence itself.

A word would perhaps not be amiss in explanation of the design for the cover of this book if not in apology for its none too discreet coloring. It is a reproduction of a madras "tignon" (turban) lent me for that purpose by one of our colored maids in New Orleans. There were two to choose from, both of which she sent with a word of regret that she could not offer them as a gift, as they had "come down" to her from her great-grandmother and she is to be "buried" in one of them; the other is for her sister.

Besides the patois in which are given the words of the songs as sung by the negroes, I have attempted to do the verses in French and English, maintaining as closely as possible in the translation the cadence and rhythm of the original form.

In the preparation of this edition I have had the collaboration of Mr. Kurt Schindler, whose knowledge

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of the folk-songs of Spain and France and whose interest in the music of the South obviously fitted him for this particular task. In accordance with my plans and wishes the melodies were left untouched and the accompaniments have received a rhythmical texture and harmonic background that help create the French-Spanish atmosphere of Louisiana's music.

With the melodies thus presented in their primitive form, I believe this collection of Bayou Ballads has permanent value for the study of our folk-music. At the same time, the principle of simplicity in the settings has not been carried to such an extreme that the songs would not appeal to singers for recital purposes. On the contrary, I hope that a mode of presentation has been found which may render them both suitable and attractive for concert singers, and thus bring them to the attention of a wider circle of music-lovers.

MINA MONROE.

New York, September, 1921.

NOTES ON THE SONGS

(1)

"Ah, Suzette, chère" is simply a love-song in which the lover half reproachfully laments the indifference of the object of his affections. To his mind there is but one remedy, success, so he engages himself to the hard labor in the fields which yields "a heap of dollars" that he will bring her if she returns his affection.

The cadence, especially in the refrain, brings pleasantly to mind a Spanish serenade, which makes one naturally suppose the song to be of the Spanish domination in Louisiana—probably of the first domination, as the song is a very old one.

The fact that the words are in the French patois and without an element of the Spanish which crept in later (as a matter of fact, very few Spanish words did creep in even later) is not surprising. It is obvious that the negro's ear, with its particular keenness for music, would catch cadence and rhythm long before a new and strange language affected phonetically the one he already spoke.

(2)

"Dansez Codaine," also a song appropriate to the children's dining-room, was for the negroes a banquet-song the dignity of which placed it above the "Bamboula." Sometime at the end of the dance, after gumbo filé served with flaky rice had sufficiently restored both entertainers and entertained, and when the refrain "N'a nannan li, n'a nannan li" of the more popular Bamboula Song had been exhausted, "Dansez Codaine" came into its own in gusty tones and with unmistakable gestures of further gastronomic anticipation.

(3)

Not the least of the tragedies accompanying the life of the negro in days gone by were the inevitable separations of individuals deeply attached to each other—separations poignantly felt by a people strongly emotional and, as demonstrated time and again, easily attached and heroically devoted where affection was involved.

"Clémentine" is bid for on all sides, to the great apprehension of her lover, who is a fixture on the plantation. His imagination sees danger at every point. He even suspects Peau-Rouge, the Indian Chief who comes periodically from the cypress swamps to dispose of his woven baskets and the powdered sassafras leaves, an all-important ingredient for a successful gumbo. The black suitor never doubts that Peau-Rouge, his wares disposed of, lurks in the fields with all too apparent motive. But the final blow comes with an offer of purchase from the neighboring plantation, where Sieur de Marigny is enlarging his holdings. "Alas! what shall I do?"—Clémentine must go.

(4)

There is no more bitter draught for a negro than the airs a mulatto puts on towards his ebony-hued brother. A Louisiana proverb says:

"Put a mulatto on a horse and he will swear his mother is not a negress!"

"Gardez piti milatte-là" is another satirical song in which ridicule is cast upon a Mr. Banjo, a mulatto of very light hue, whose grand manner and elegant appearance are more than the darker ones can bear. Every detail of his dress, from the rakish tilt of his hat to the conspicuous squeak of his boots, the cane he twirls, the cigar he smokes, is a symbol of elegance and prosperity ridiculed in the song—though not without a pang of envy for these worldly blessings. This song, slightly varied in the melody and words, is published in Mr. Krehbiel's book of Afro-American Folksongs.

(5)

A happy manner of announcing dinner in the nursery or in the children's dining-room was with the singing of **"Tant patate-là tchuite,"** which, with its incessantly recurring "refrain," seemed the most persuasive of appetizers.

The spirit of the song is "Quand le vin est versé il faut le boire," and the negro version of it loses none of its significance in the almost endless repetition of the second phrase.

It was one of the popular "Bamboula Songs" of the dances on the Place Congo in New Orleans, where in those days negroes from the African Congo were prize merchandise and where the name Congo easily stuck for generations to what is now (shades of the General!) "Beauregard Square." The word "bamboula" is itself derived from the drums of bamboo which chiefly furnished the music for the dances, bamboula meaning literally in the negro patois "that bamboo." The easy rhythm, smacking somewhat of the tom-tom, soon communicated itself from the dancers to those looking on, until scores of voices and twice as many clapping hands kept time to the never-ending refrain, and the dancers moved to the accompaniment of the entire audience.

(6)

"Pauv' piti Mom'zelle Zizi" is thought by some to have originated in the West Indies, and there is nothing to prove the contrary; but whether a product of the Islands or of the Southern States, certain it is that no melody was so universally known and sung on the Louisiana plantations as that of "Mom'zelle Zizi," or "Lolotte," as another version goes.

Here a negro lover laments the grief his sweetheart feels upon the discovery of a more successful rival in the affection of her white master, whose prodigality alone can account for the fine madras, the petticoats of silk and lace, a certain Calalou displays with such effrontery. The fact that Calalou (not her real name, by the way, but a derisive surname) is a quadroon, of comparatively light complexion, a recent importation from the Islands, does but add to Mom'zelle Zizi's cup of bitterness, all of which her black lover fully appreciates and deplores in pathetic self-effacement.

The words and the melody with slight variations are also published in Mr. Krehbiel's book of Afro-American Folksongs.

(7)

From the children's dining-room one easily passes on to the nursery, where the youngest member of the household is being rocked to sleep in the good old way to the somnolent notes of **"Gué-gué Solingaie."**

The song is almost an incantation, in which the ending phrase of each couplet, "li connain parlé," etc., is whispered in hushed tones. In a sort of weird lullaby the little ones are urged to "balié chimin-là," literally to "sweep the path clear," the path being the tiny mind preparing for dreams.

The pictures evoked by the song are meant to soothe or to frighten the young charges to sleep. The wisdom of Br'er Tortoise is of course unchallenged, and he is said even to talk upon occasions. Br'er 'Gater's trick of moaning like a child to lure one to the edge of the swamp, there to become his victim, may be an old one, but is certainly one to be constantly exposed for the benefit of the eager young listeners. The *pichou's* habits are no less treacherous, and have from time immemorial inspired wholesome fear of this canny wildcat, which is said to roam about the cane-fields at dusk ready to creep noiselessly from behind and spring at one's neck. Whether a phantom of the imagination or a cruel reality, the mere mention of the *pichou* was a warning potent to keep within bounds youngsters who would otherwise be inclined to venture beyond the vigilant eye of their nurse.

(8)

An important personage on the plantation and, therefore, one of whom there is frequent mention in the folk-songs, the songs of those days, is the white overseer, a salaried functionary, a sort of foreman in the fields, who in the songs was not destined for the beau rôle and often came in for the lion's share of satire.

His authority over the negroes imbued them with awe, but did not always carry sufficient respect to restrain them from satirical accounts of his philanderings.

In many cases, as in the idyl of **"Z'Amours Marianne,"** they were not happy adventures to the end, especially when early frosts, disastrous to unripe cane, diminished the crop by half with a corresponding reduction of the foreman's profits. Marianne is practical—a poor crop has but one meaning to her, and with directness and candor she loses no time in warning her lover that "No crops, no love" is her motto.

(9)

The song **"En avant, Grénadiers"** contains a rare, perhaps the only, martial allusion to be found in these plantation songs, and small wonder. The lives of the negroes were so bounded and narrow, responsibility so much taken from them, that there was little chance of promoting initiative, and still less of developing the stuff soldiers are made of. The few insurrections incited on the Islands (Martinique and others) had ended very badly for the insurgents. In the Southern States, their chances of success were still slighter, while on the whole their lot was much more bearable.

In the song, the phrase "Ça qui mourri, tant pis pou' yié!" ("Who gets shot, for him the worse") was sung in a most spirited and debonair manner. The song is to this day a popular one in Louisiana, and in New Orleans it is considered a not unfitting melody as a funeral march on grand occasions, with the tempo a trifle *ritenuto*.

Gottschalk made use of part of the melody in one of his piano pieces.

(10)

"Suzanne, Suzanne, jolie femme," is among the poetic love-songs. Here, the human and practical element shows itself with delightful naïveté, while the eternal masculine praises the frugal tastes of his love.

"Cushioned seats, silk petticoats, fine madras turbans," are of course signs of opulence a black sweetheart might justly aspire to. "Four-poster beds and Burgundy wine" are extravagances the white man cannot escape as the result of a successful courtship. In his philosophy, the black lover finds his lot far more satisfying in its unbounded simplicity than that of the free white man with its complicated and inevitable demands.

Whether Suzanne's charm is due to her entire satisfaction with gumbo filé (the most frugal of creole dishes) remains vague, but none the less amusing.

The melody of the song was thought particularly fitted to the task of sweeping, especially on summer mornings when the languid strokes of the broom lent themselves admirably to the musical lilt of its phrases. Scores of Southern courtyards have been swept to the tune of "Suzanne, Suzanne, jolie femme."

(11)

"Vous t'é in Morico" is another taunt song which might almost be called a hymn of hate inspired by the faithlessness of an overseer on the plantation towards his inamorata. She is at first touched to the quick by his change of heart, then enraged at the humiliation of being cast aside for another. She looks about for a means of revenge, which comes to her with the discovery that her former lover is not white in spite of his light skin, that he has a touch of the tar-brush, a "tignon" (turban) in the family. With that information she accosts him publicly. "Toucouyoute," once a name of endearment, is now said with biting sarcasm.

(12)

No true disciple of a black mammy would ever have consented to take his bath except to the tune of the old "Boscoyo" song, **"Michié Préval"**; the "Bou-djoum, bou-djoum" of the refrain being the psychological moment for the plunge into the tub. *Boscoyo* is literally the protruding knotty root of a cypress-tree, and as applied to songs indicates what is crude or rough. The song is satirical, in the manner of the taunt songs of primitive peoples. The story it tells originated in this instance with a ball a certain Mr. Préval, an eccentric member of a distinguished family and sometimes called Judge Préval (though it is uncertain whether he was a magistrate), permitted to be given in the stable of his New Orleans house in the rue Hôpital (now Governor Nicholl's Street). It seems that a small admission fee was charged the negro guests to help towards music and refreshments, both of which were voted very poor. The affair ended in disorder. Many of those who attended found their way to the calaboose in the course of the evening and among them, tradition says, Mr. Préval himself, who, as proprietor, had improvidently failed to obtain the required permit from the authorities. The incidents of the ball which the song describes soon became widely known, Mr. Préval's grand airs affording infinite delight to the colored people.

Each couplet of the song is separated from the next by the refrain "Dansez Calinda, bou-djoum, bou-djoum," with which words the participants importuned the onlooker to join the dance.

In Louisiana, the Calinda was a war-dance in which men alone took part, stripped to the waist and brandishing sticks in a mock fight, while at the same time balancing upon their heads bottles filled with water from which one drop spilled put the participant *hors de combat*. Later the Calinda assumed more and more an objectionable character, until it was finally prohibited in the Place Congo in New Orleans about the eighteen-forties. But I have it from the lips of an old darky once an expert at the Calinda, that there was much sport in it at the stage of dancing with water-filled bottles, and that the last remaining dancer well deserved to have the water in his bottle replaced by good "tafia" (whiskey) to celebrate his victory.

Most of the couplets and the melody with slight variations are published in Mr. Krehbiel's book of Afro-American Folksongs.

BAYOU BALLADS

I

Ah, Suzette, chère

Ah, Suzette, dear

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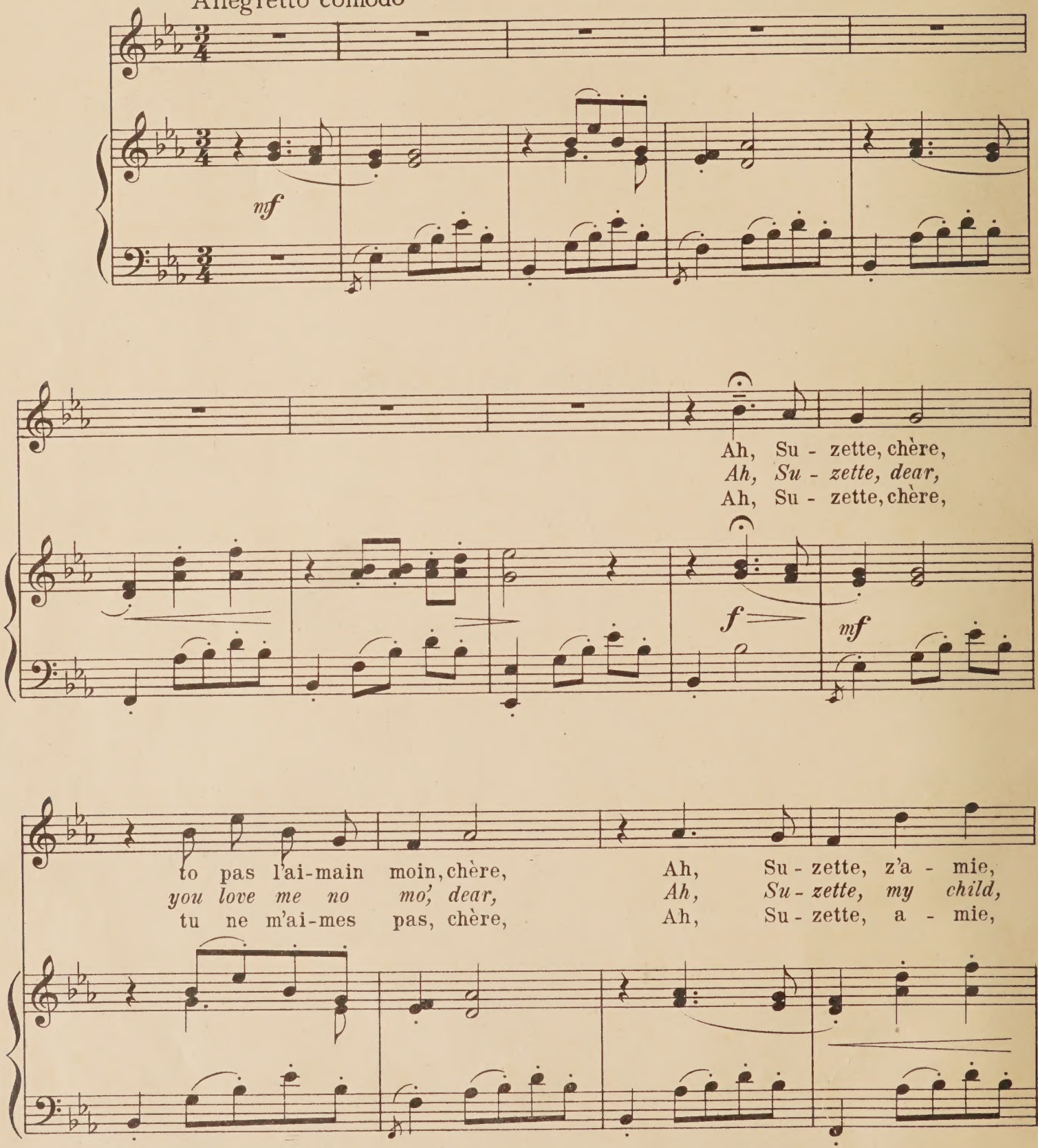

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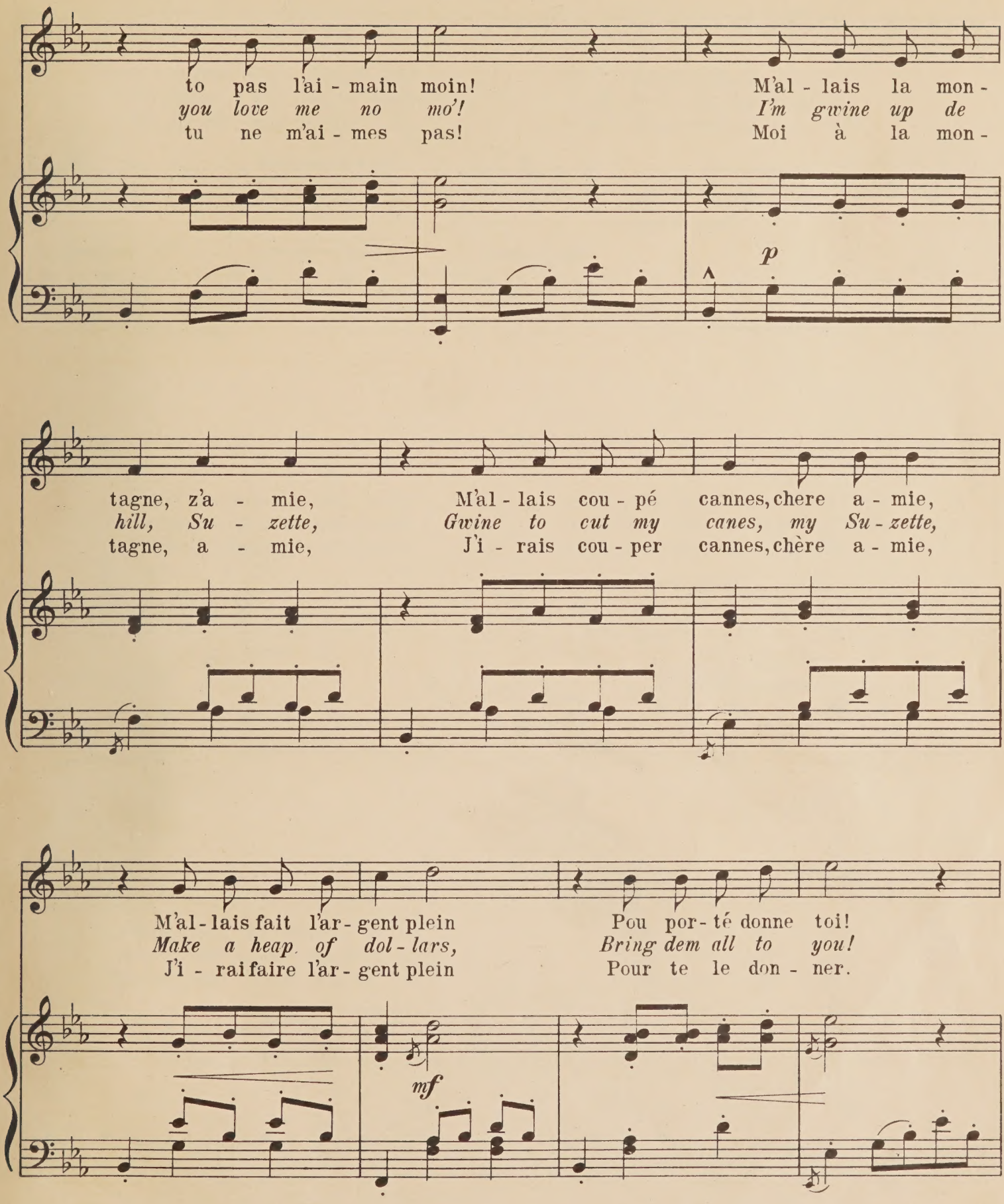
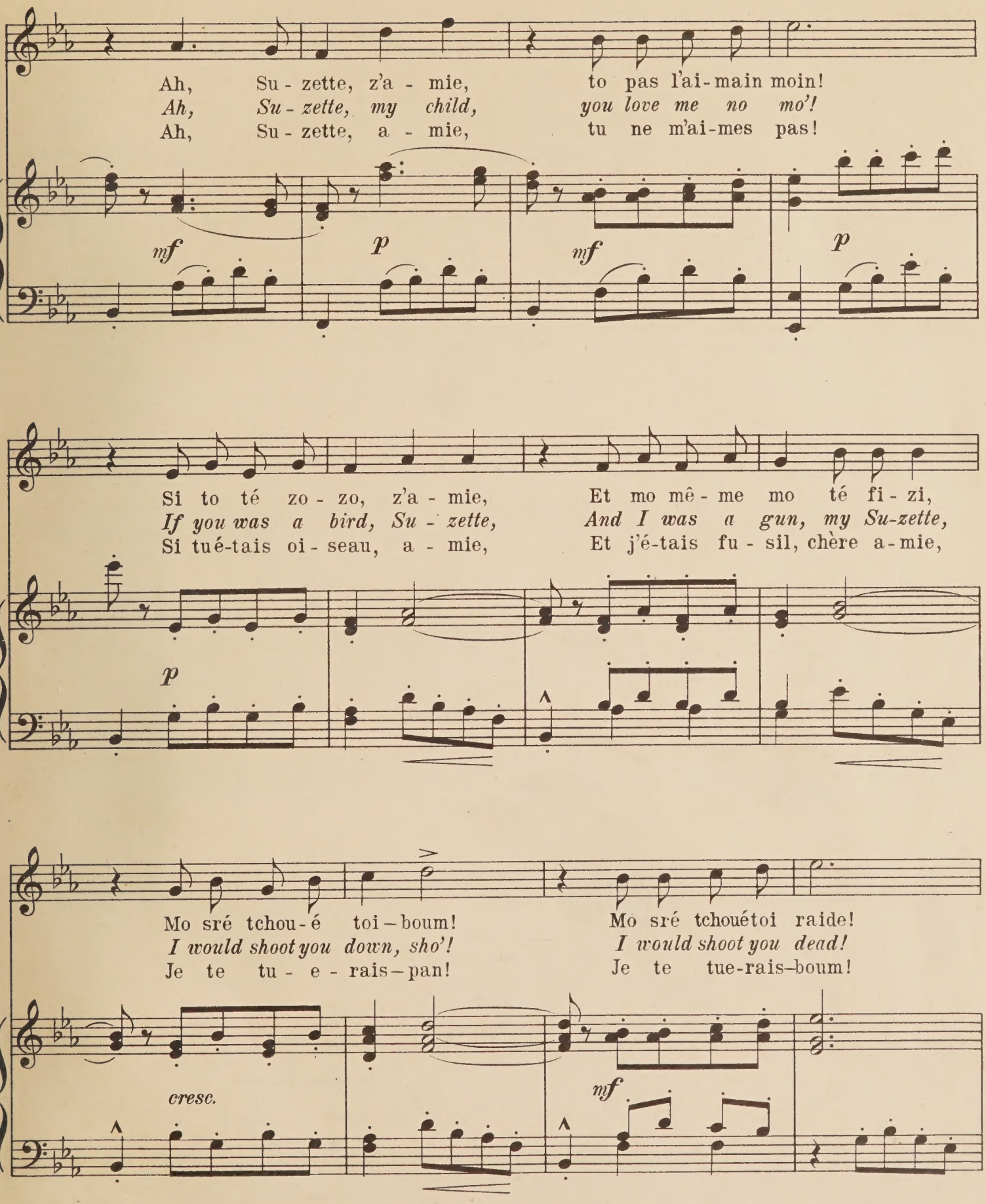
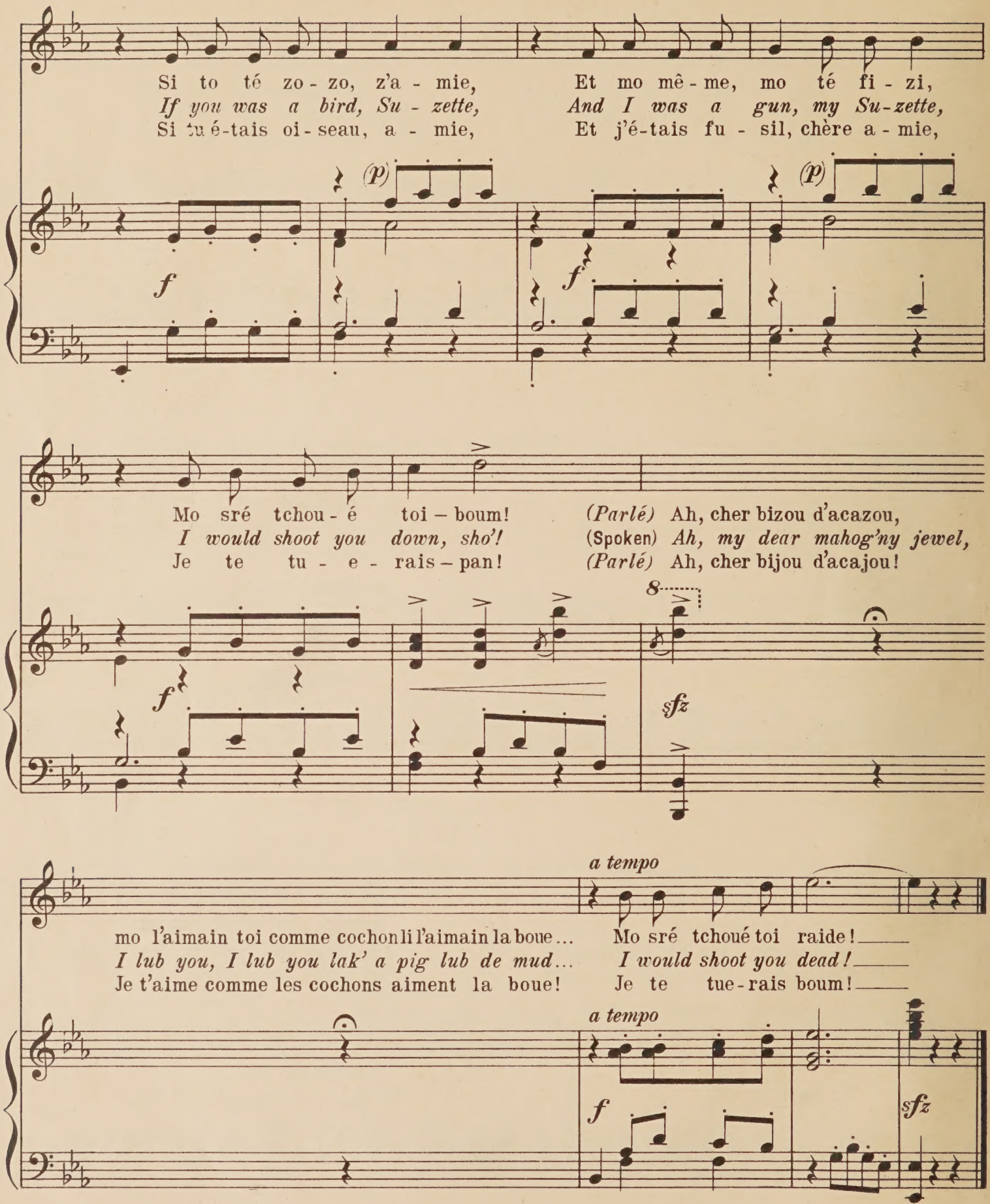

to pas l'ai - main moin!
you love me no mo'!
tu ne m'ai - mes pas!
M'al - lais la mon -
I'm gwine up de
Moi à la mon -
p
tagne, z'a - mie,
hill, Su - zette,
tagne, a - mie,
M'al - lais cou - pé cannes, chere a - mie,
Gwine to cut my canes, my Su - zette,
J'i - rais cou - per cannes, chère a - mie,
M'al - lais fait l'ar - gent plein
Make a heap of dol - lars,
J'i - rai faire l'ar - gent plein
Pou por - té donne toi!
Bring dem all to you!
Pour te le don - ner.
mf

M'al-lais la mon-tagne, chère,
I'm gwine up de hill, dear,
Moi à la mon-tagne, chère,
M'al-lais cou-per cannes, chère,
Gwine to cut my canes, dear,
J'i-rai cou-per cannes, chère,
p
M'al-lais fait l'ar-gent plein
Make a heap of dol-lars,
J'i-rai faire l'ar-gent plein
Pou por-ter donne toi!
Bring dem all to you!
Pour te le don-ner.
mf
f
Ah, Su-zette, chère,
Ah, Su-zette, dear,
Ah, Su-zette, chère,
to pas l'ai-main moin, chère,
you love me no mo', dear,
tu ne m'ai-mes pas, chère,
mf
p
mf
p


Ah, Su - zette, z'a - mie, to pas l'ai - main moin!
Ah, Su - zette, my child, you love me no mo'!
Ah, Su - zette, a - mie, tu ne m'ai - mes pas!
mf
p
mf
p
Si to té zo - zo, z'a - mie, Et mo mê - me mo té fi - zi,
If you was a bird, Su - zette, And I was a gun, my Su-zette,
Si tué-tais oi - seau, a - mie, Et j'é-tais fu - sil, chère a - mie,
p
Mo sré tchou - é toi - boum! Mo sré tchouétoi raide!
I would shoot you down, sho'! I would shoot you dead!
Je te tu - e - rais - pan! Je te tue-rais-boum!
cresc.
mf

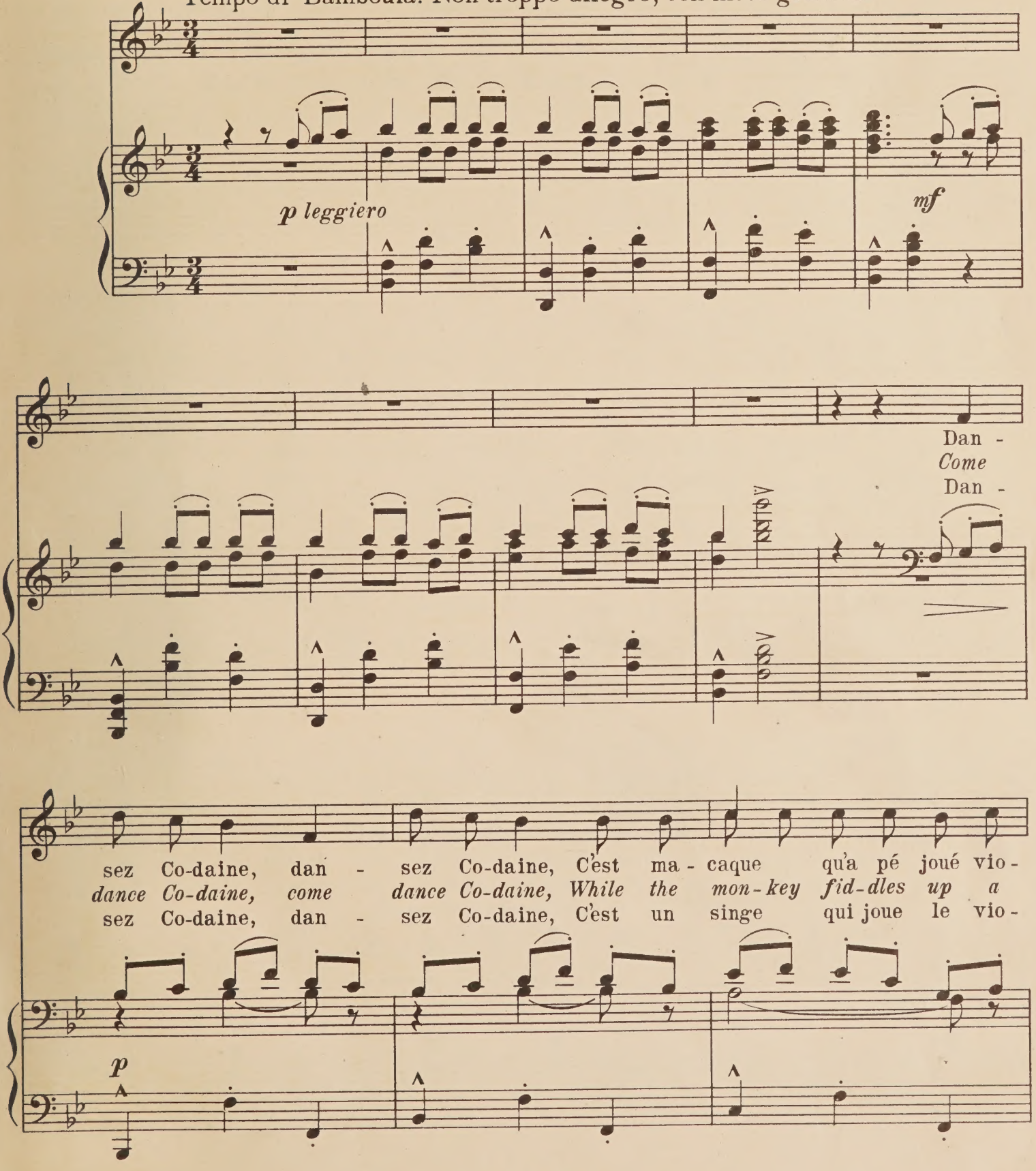

Si to té zo - zo, z'a - mie,
If you was a bird, Su - zette,
Si tu é-tais oi - seau, a - mie,
Et mo mê - me, mo té fi - zi,
And I was a gun, my Su-zette,
Et j'é-tais fu - sil, chère a - mie,
(p)
f
Mo sré tchou - é toi – boum!
I would shoot you down, sho'!
Je te tu - e - rais – pan!
(Parlé) Ah, cher bizou d'acazou,
(Spoken) Ah, my dear mahog'ny jewel,
(Parlé) Ah, cher bijou d'acajou!
8
sfz
a tempo
mo l'aimain toi comme cochonli l'aimain la boue...
I lub you, I lub you lak' a pig lub de mud...
Je t'aime comme les cochons aiment la boue!
Mo sré tchoué toi raide!
I would shoot you dead!
Je te tue-rais boum!

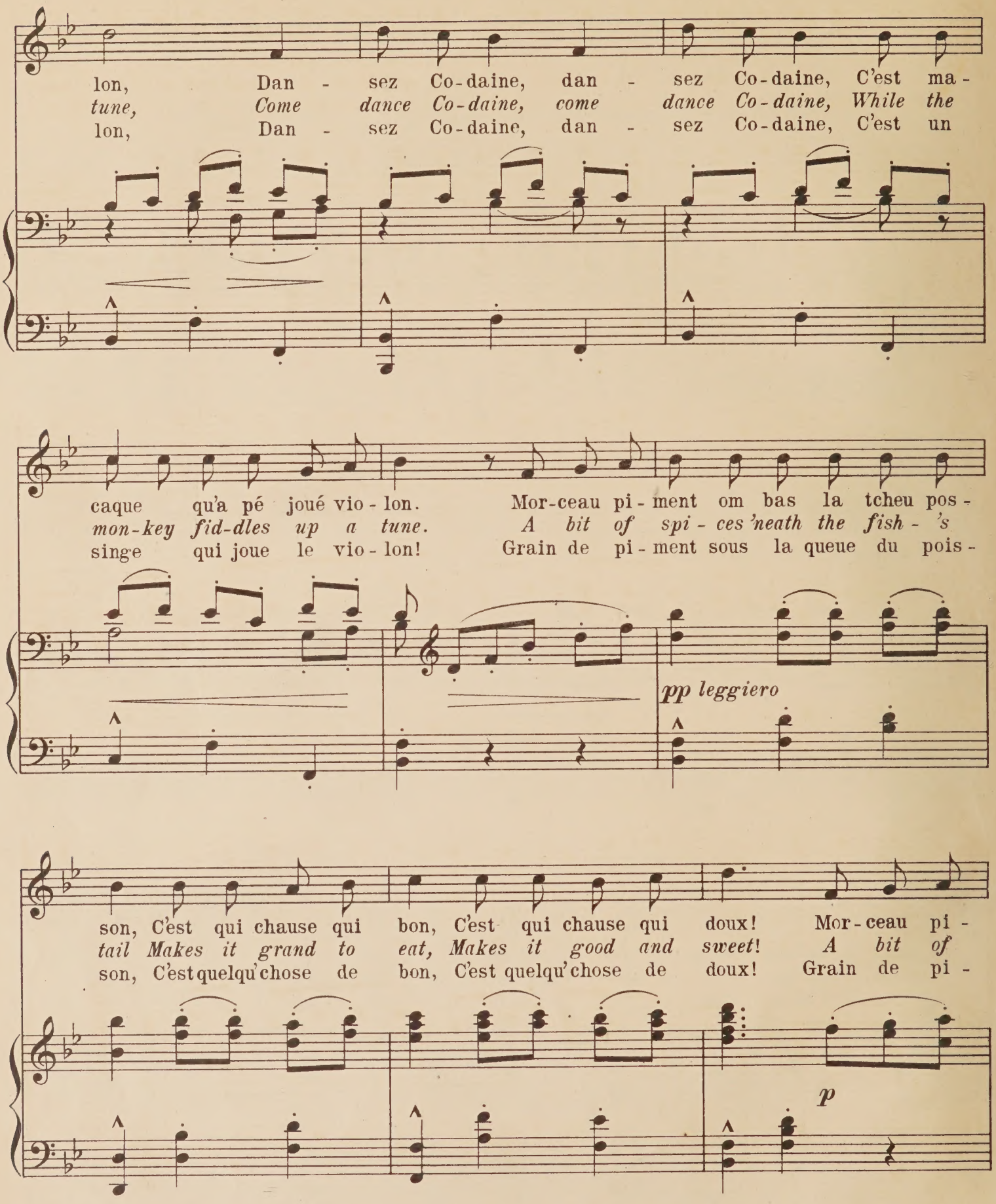
II

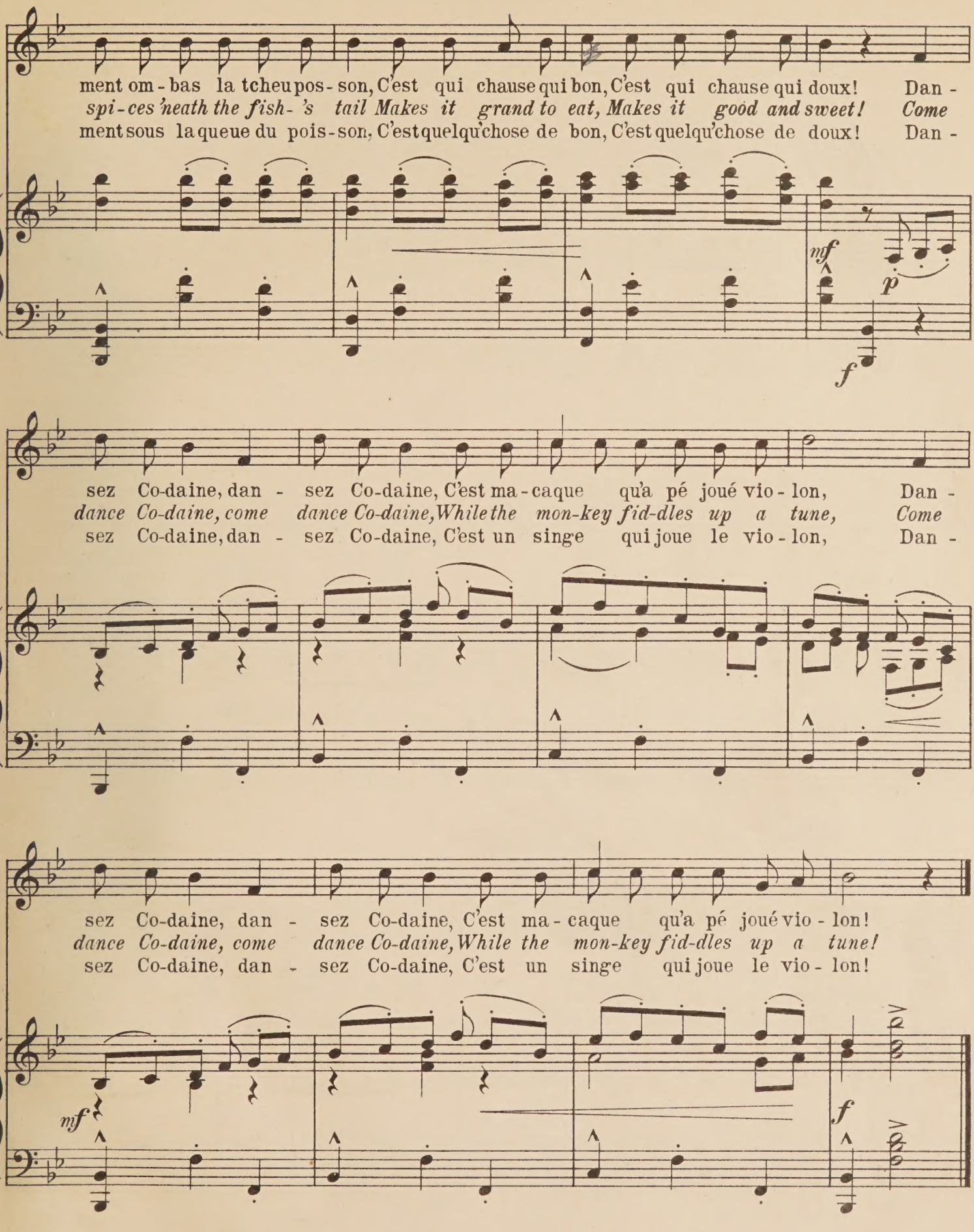
Dansez Codaine

Come dance Codaine

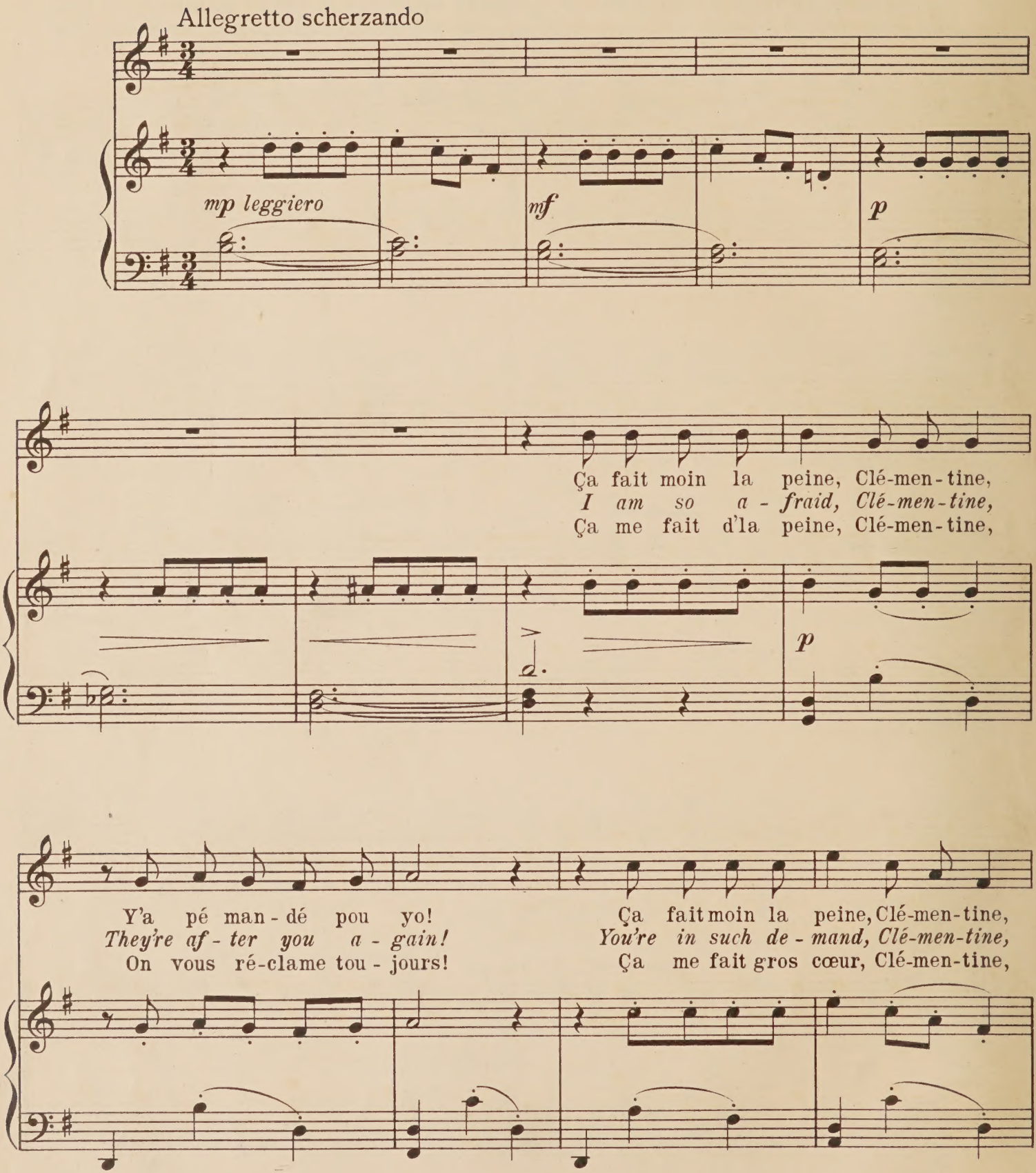
Tempo di Bamboula. Non troppo allegro, con moto grazioso

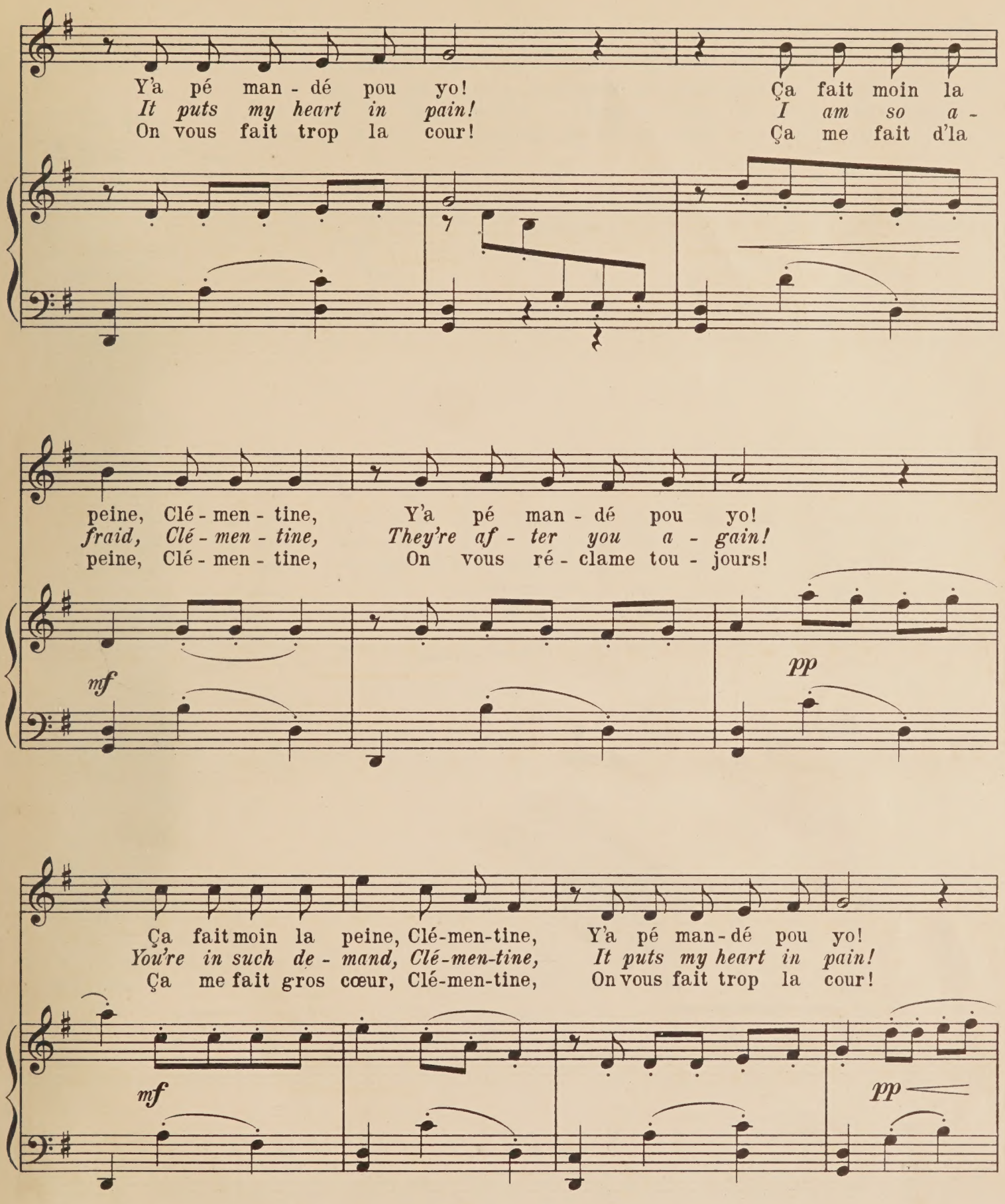



lon, Dan - sez Co-daine, dan - sez Co-daine, C'est ma-
tune, Come dance Co-daine, come dance Co-daine, While the
lon, Dan - sez Co-daine, dan - sez Co-daine, C'est un
caque qu'a pé joué vio - lon. Mor-ceau pi - ment om bas la tcheu pos -
mon-key fid-dles up a tune. A bit of spi - ces 'neath the fish - 's
singe qui joue le vio - lon! Grain de pi - ment sous la queue du pois -
pp leggiero
son, C'est qui chause qui bon, C'est qui chause qui doux! Mor - ceau pi -
tail Makes it grand to eat, Makes it good and sweet! A bit of
son, C'est quelqu'chose de bon, C'est quelqu'chose de doux! Grain de pi -
p

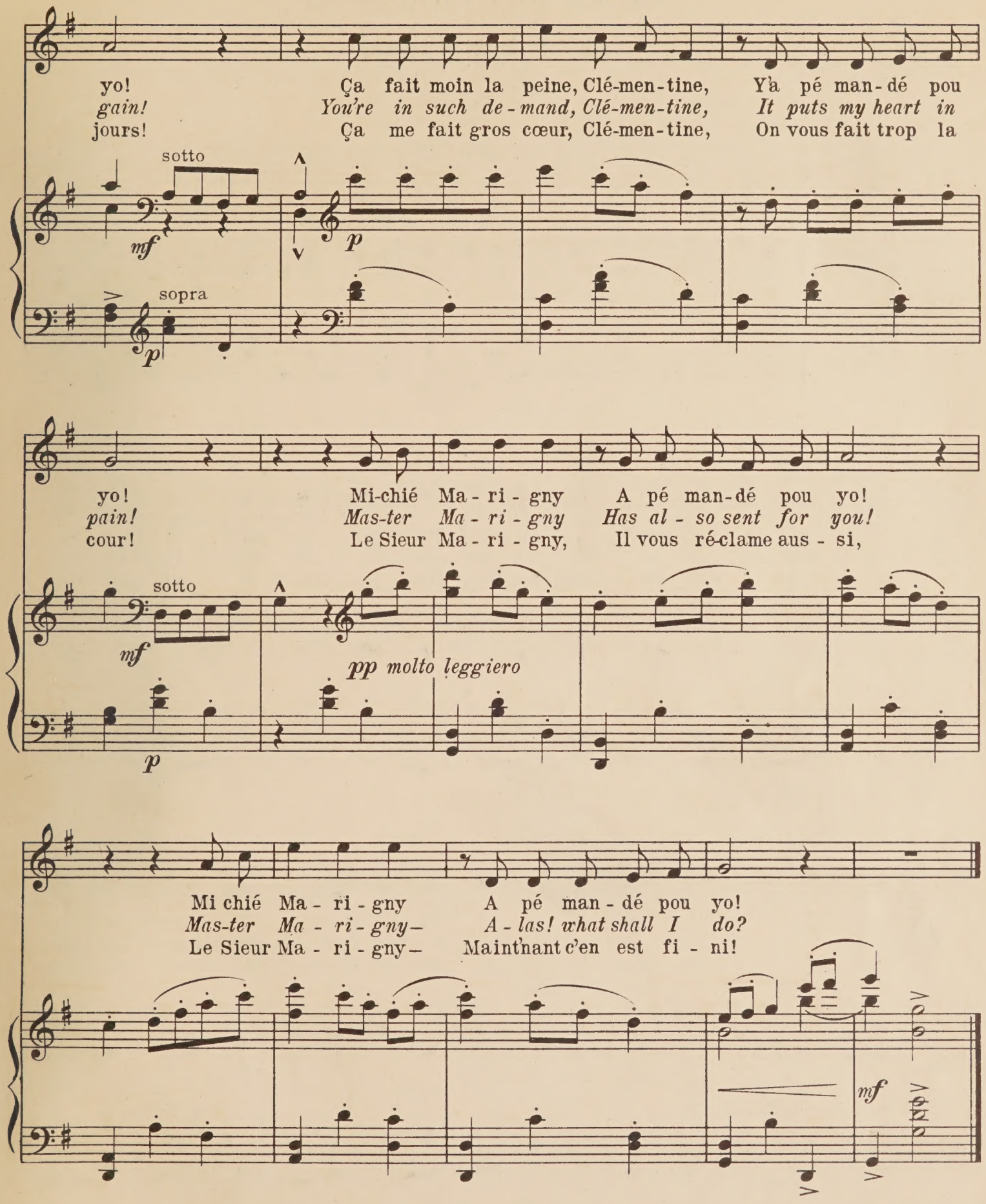

ment om - bas la tcheu pos - son, C'est qui chause qui bon, C'est qui chause qui doux! Dan -
spi - ces 'neath the fish - 's tail Makes it grand to eat, Makes it good and sweet! Come
ment sous la queue du pois - son, C'est quelqu'chose de bon, C'est quelqu'chose de doux! Dan -
mf
p
f
sez Co-daine, dan - sez Co-daine, C'est ma - caque qu'a pé joué vio - lon, Dan -
dance Co-daine, come dance Co-daine, While the mon-key fid-dles up a tune, Come
sez Co-daine, dan - sez Co-daine, C'est un singe qui joue le vio - lon, Dan -
sez Co-daine, dan - sez Co-daine, C'est ma - caque qu'a pé joué vio - lon!
dance Co-daine, come dance Co-daine, While the mon-key fid-dles up a tune!
sez Co-daine, dan - sez Co-daine, C'est un singe qui joue le vio - lon!
mf
f

III
Clémentine




Y'a pé man - dé pou yo!
It puts my heart in pain!
On vous fait trop la cour!
Ça fait moin la
I am so a -
Ça me fait d'la
peine, Clé - men - tine,
fraid, Clé - men - tine,
peine, Clé - men - tine,
Y'a pé man - dé pou yo!
They're af - ter you a - gain!
On vous ré - clame tou - jours!
mf
pp
Ça fait moin la peine, Clé-men-tine,
You're in such de - mand, Clé-men-tine,
Ça me fait gros cœur, Clé-men-tine,
Y'a pé man-dé pou yo!
It puts my heart in pain!
On vous fait trop la cour!
mf
pp

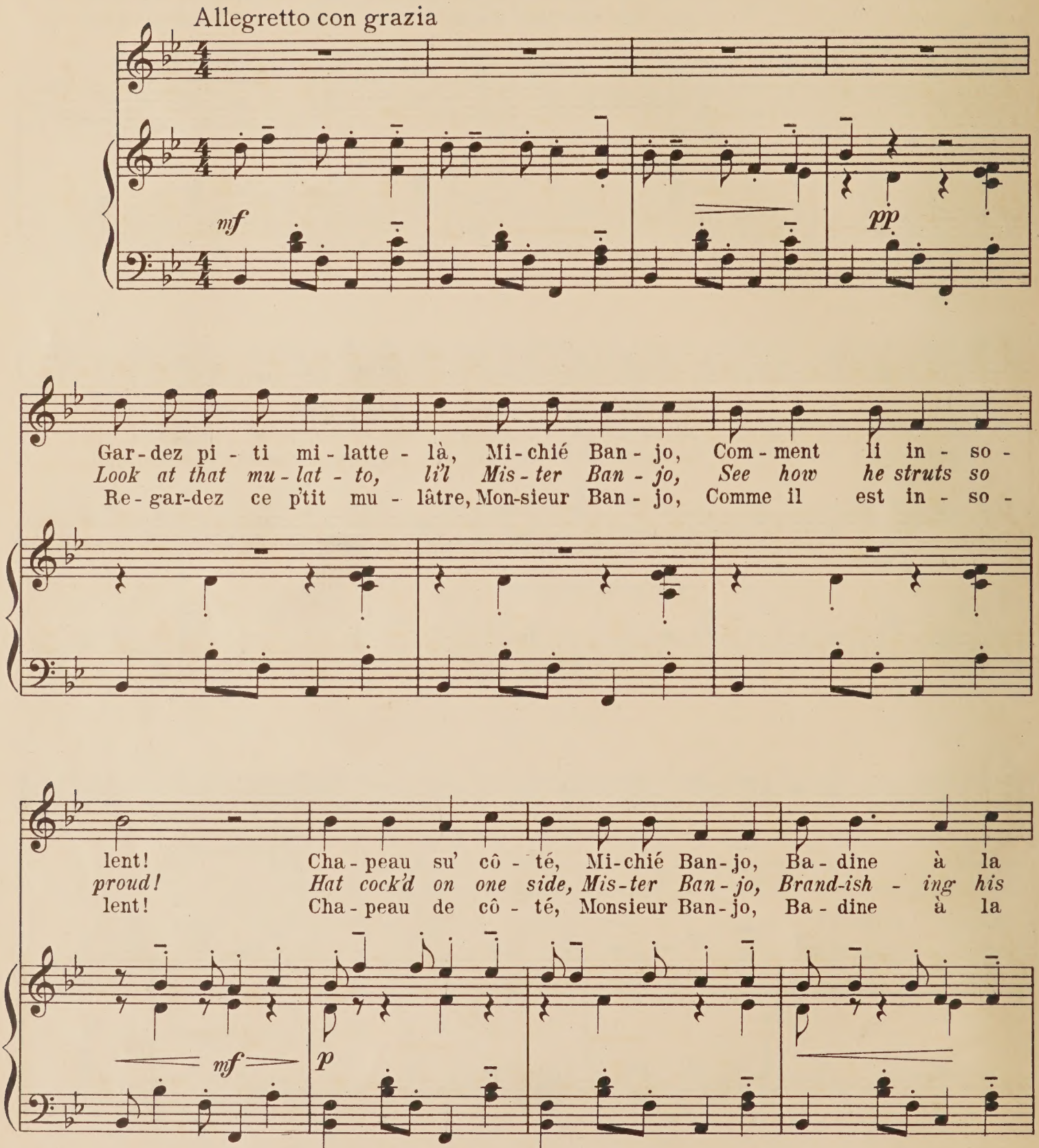
Z'in - djin ca - ché dans for-dosse A pé man - dé pou yo!
Red - skin cast an eye on you A - hid - ing in the cane!
Peau-rouge ca - ché dans les champs Vous guette et vous é - pie,
pp
p
mf
Z'in - djin ca - ché dans for-dosse A pé man - dé pou yo!
Big Chief fol - lows af - ter you A - stroll - ing down the lane!
Peau - rouge ca - ché dans les champs Vous guette et vous é - pie!
p
mf
Ça fait moin la peine, Clé - men - tine, Y'a pé man - dé pou
I am so a - fraid, Clé - men - tine, They're af - ter you a -
Ça me fait d'la peine, Clé - men - tine, On vous ré - clame tou -
p

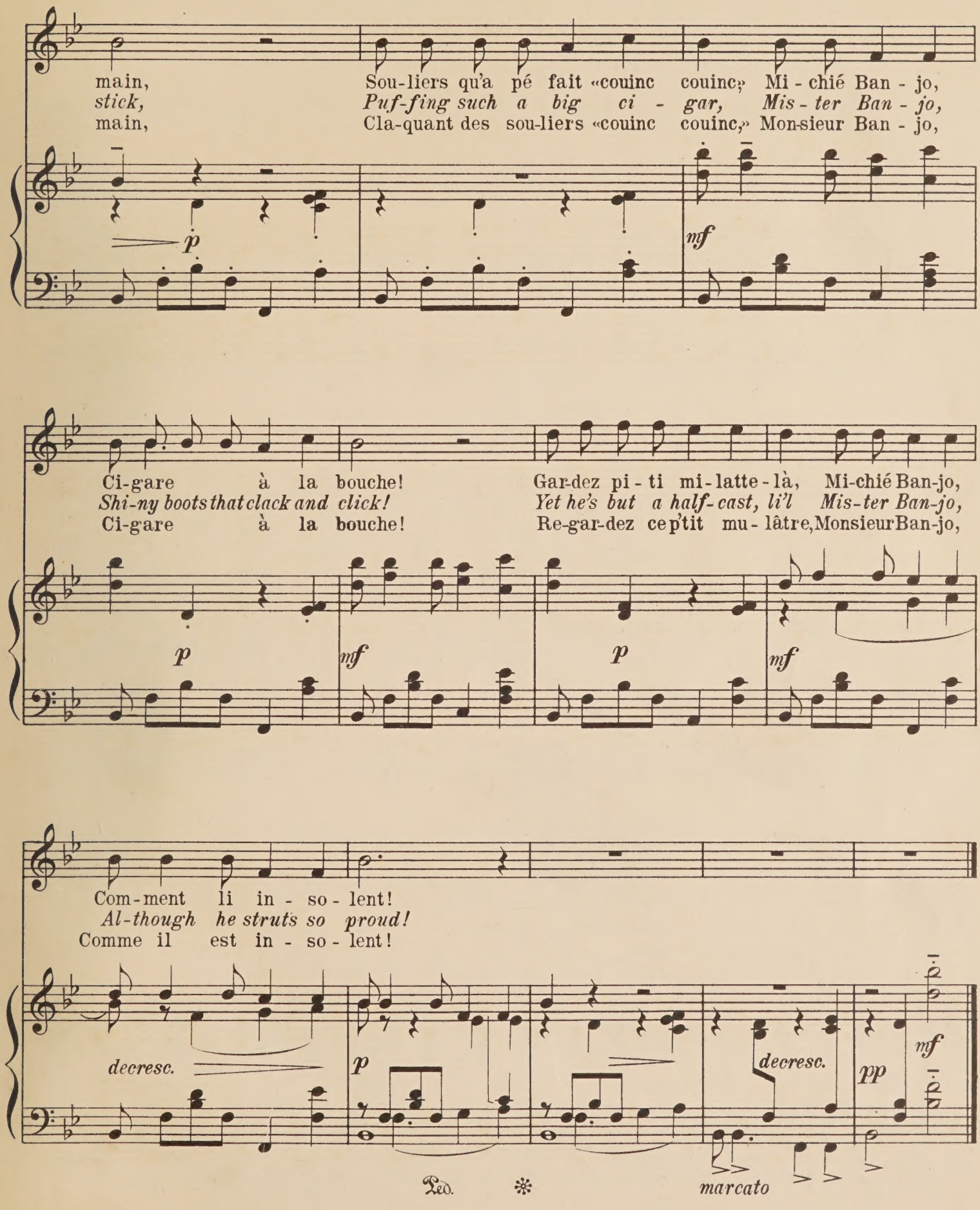

yo! Ça fait moin la peine, Clé-men-tine, Y'a pé man-dé pou
gain! You're in such de-mand, Clé-men-tine, It puts my heart in
jours! Ça me fait gros cœur, Clé-men-tine, On vous fait trop la
sotto
mf
p
sopra
p
yo! Mi-chié Ma-ri-gny A pé man-dé pou yo!
pain! Mas-ter Ma-ri-gny Has al-so sent for you!
cour! Le Sieur Ma-ri-gny, Il vous ré-clame aus-si,
sotto
mf
pp molto leggiero
p
Mi chié Ma-ri-gny A pé man-dé pou yo!
Mas-ter Ma-ri-gny— A-las! what shall I do?
Le Sieur Ma-ri-gny— Maintnant c'en est fi-ni!
mf

IV

Gardez piti milatte-là

Look at that Mulatto




main, Sou-liers qu'a pé fait «couinc couinc,» Mi - chié Ban - jo,
stick, Puf-fing such a big ci - gar, Mis - ter Ban - jo,
main, Cla-quant des sou-liers «couinc couinc,» Mon-sieur Ban - jo,
p
mf
Ci-gare à la bouche! Gar-dez pi - ti mi-latte-là, Mi-chié Ban-jo,
Shi-ny boots that clack and click! Yet he's but a half-cast, li'l Mis-ter Ban-jo,
Ci-gare à la bouche! Re-gar-dez ce p'tit mu - lâtre, Monsieur Ban-jo,
p
mf
p
mf
Com-ment li in - so - lent!
Al-though he struts so proud!
Comme il est in - so - lent!
decresc.
p
decresc.
pp
mf
Ped.
marcato

V

Tan patate-là tchuite

When your potato's done

Andantino, quasi allegretto, ben ritmato

Et
When
Quand

p *mf* *p*

con pedale

tan pa-tate - là tchuite, N'a nan-nan li - i, n'a nan-nan li! Et
your po - ta - to's done, It's time to eat it, it's time to eat! When
la pa-tate est cuite, faut la man - ger, oui, faut la man - ger! Quand

mp

tan pa-tate - là tchuite, N'a nan-nan li - i, n'a nan-nan li!
your po - ta - to's done, It's time to eat it, it's time to eat!
la pa-tate est cuite, faut la man - ger, oui, faut la man - ger!

pp *mf* *mf*

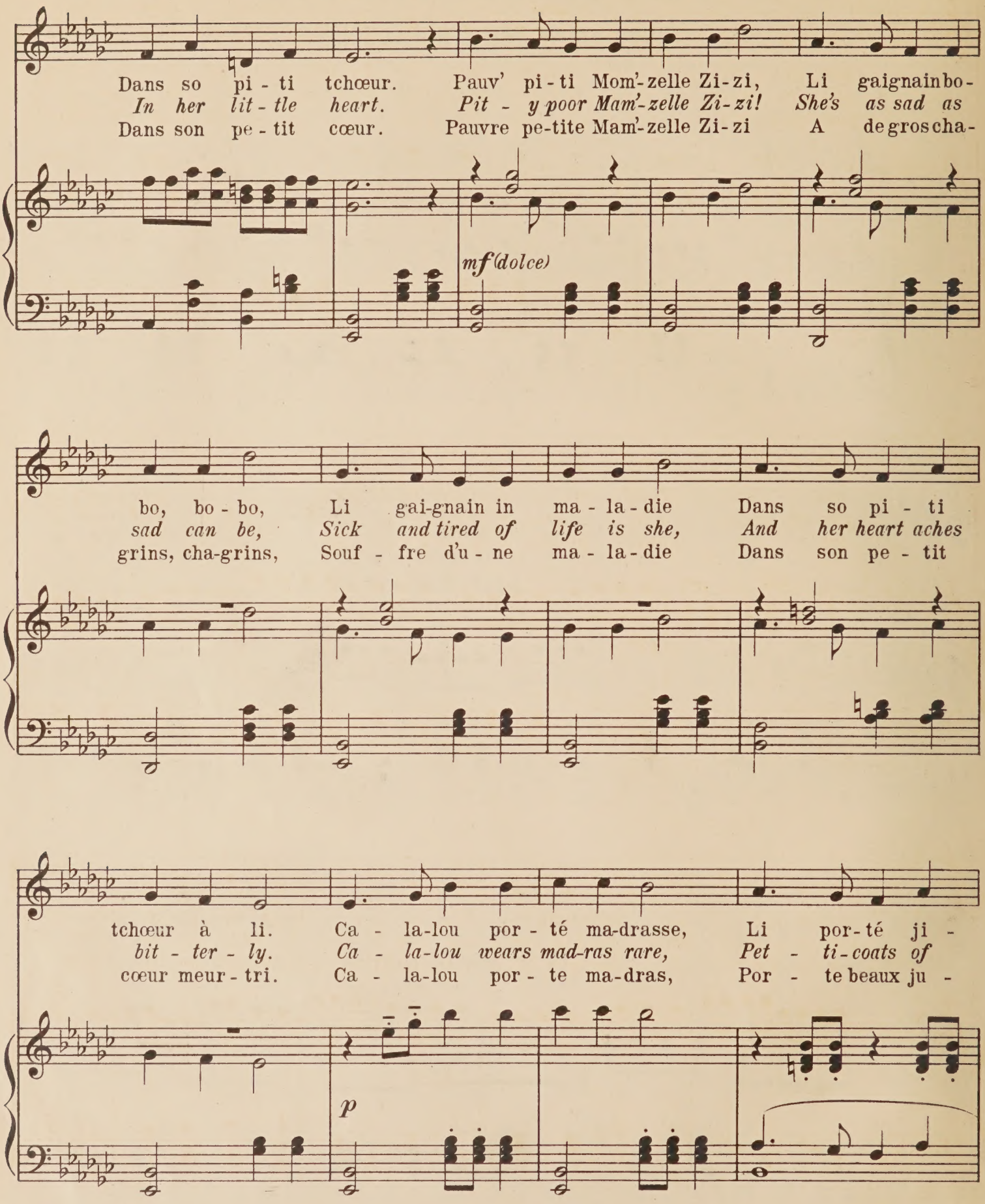
Tan même li danschau - dière,
Wheth-er it's in your pan,
Quandmêmedans la chau - dière,
Tan même li dans la cend',
Wheth-er it's in your fire,
Quandmême des-sous la cendre,
pp
p
pp
p
Tan même li dans du feu, N'a nan-nan li - i, n'a nan-nan li!
Wheth-er in em-bers found, It's time to eat it, it's time to eat!
Quand même de-dans le feu, Nous la man - geons,oui,nous la man-geons!
pp
un poco cresc.
mf
p
Et tan pa-tate-là tchuite, N'a nannan li - i, n'a nan-nan li! Et
When your po-ta-to's done, it's time to eat it, it's time to eat! When
Quand la pa-tateest cuite, faut la man-ger,oui faut la man-ger! Quand
mp

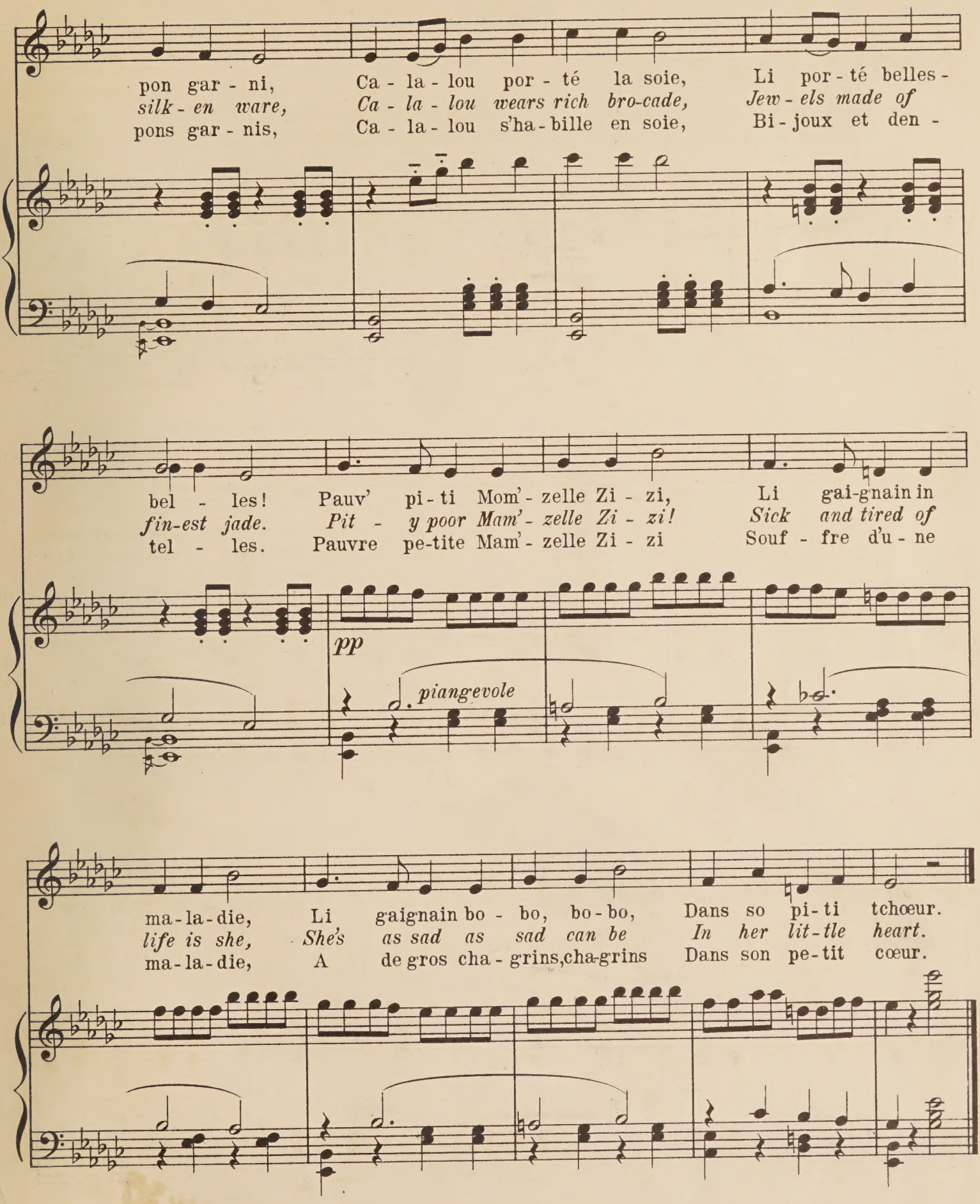
tan pa-tate-là tchuite, N'a nan-nan li - i, n'a nan-nan li!
your po-ta-to's done, it's time to eat it, it's time to eat!
la pa-tate est cuite, faut la man-ger! oui, faut la man-ger!
pp
mf
mf
Tan même li tout gril - lé,
Eat it, when crisp and fried,
Fût-elle tou-te gril - lée,
Tan même li tout bri - lé,
Eat it, when burn-ing hot,
Fût-elle tou-te brû - lée,
pp
p
pp
p
Tan même li jist char - bon,
Eat it, when black as coal,
Ne fût-elle qu'un char - bon,
N'a nan-nan li - i, n'a nan-nan li!
It's time to eat it, it's time to eat!
Nous la man - geons, oui, nous la man-geons!
pp
un poco cresc.
mf
f

VI

Pauv' piti Mom'zelle Zizi

Pity poor Mam'zelle Zizi


Dans so pi - ti tchœur. Pauv' pi - ti Mom'-zelle Zi-zi, Li gaignain bo-
In her lit - tle heart. Pit - y poor Mam'-zelle Zi-zi! She's as sad as
Dans son pe - tit cœur. Pauvre pe-tite Mam'-zelle Zi-zi A de gros cha-
mf (dolce)
bo, bo - bo, Li gai-gnain in ma - la - die Dans so pi - ti
sad can be, Sick and tired of life is she, And her heart aches
grins, cha-grins, Souf - fre d'u - ne ma - la - die Dans son pe - tit
tchœur à li. Ca - la-lou por - té ma-drasse, Li por - té ji -
bit - ter - ly. Ca - la-lou wears mad-ras rare, Pet - ti - coats of
cœur meur - tri. Ca - la-lou por - te ma-dras, Por - te beaux ju -
p

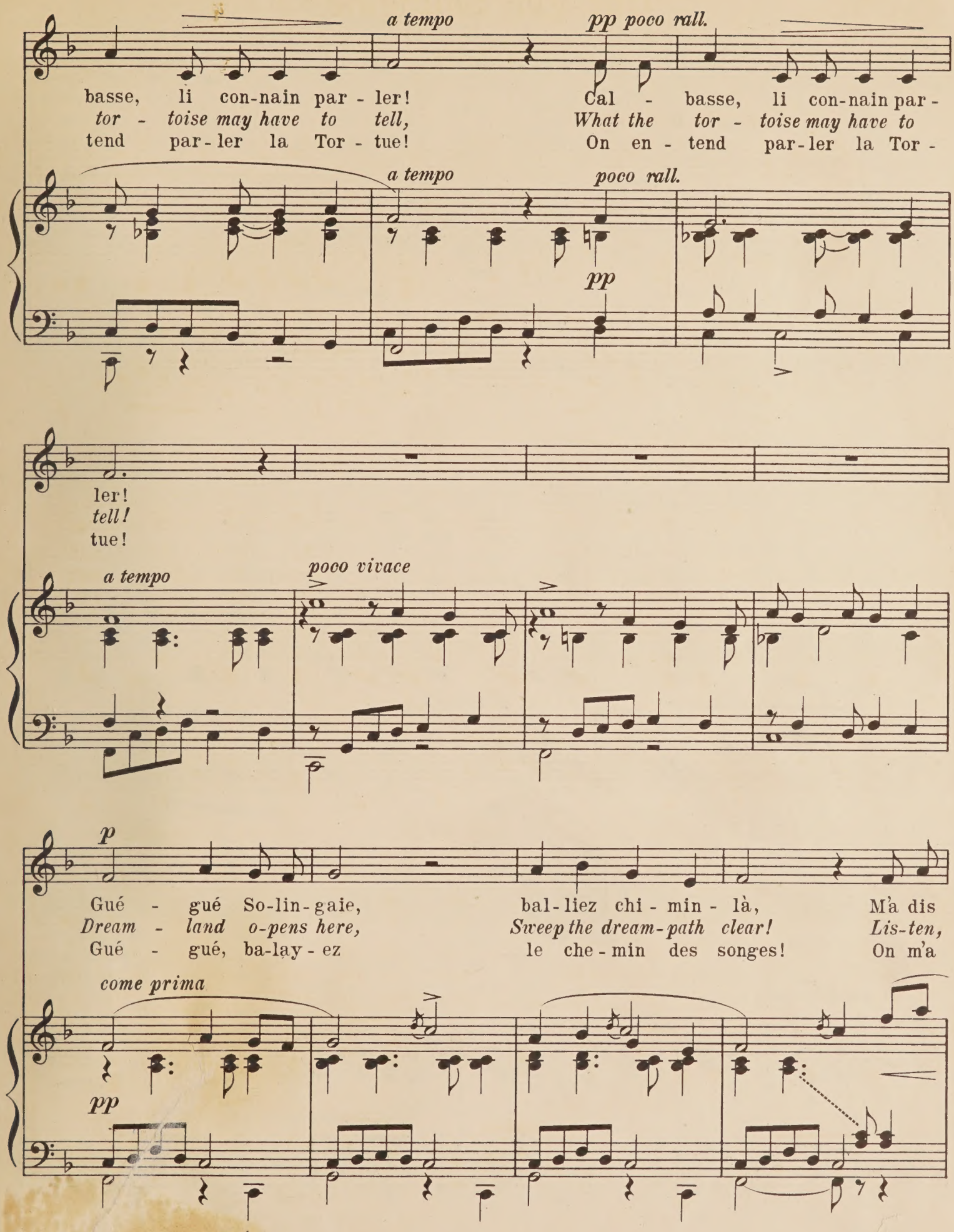

pon gar - ni, Ca - la - lou por - té la soie, Li por - té belles -
silk - en ware, Ca - la - lou wears rich bro-cade, Jew - els made of
pons gar - nis, Ca - la - lou s'ha - bille en soie, Bi - joux et den -
bel - les! Pauv' pi - ti Mom' - zelle Zi - zi, Li gai-gnain in
fin-est jade. Pit - y poor Mam' - zelle Zi - zi! Sick and tired of
tel - les. Pauvre pe-tite Mam' - zelle Zi - zi Souf - fre d'u - ne
pp
piangevole
ma-la-die, Li gaignain bo - bo, bo - bo, Dans so pi - ti tchœur.
life is she, She's as sad as sad can be In her lit - tle heart.
ma-la-die, A de gros cha - grins, cha-grins Dans son pe-tit cœur.

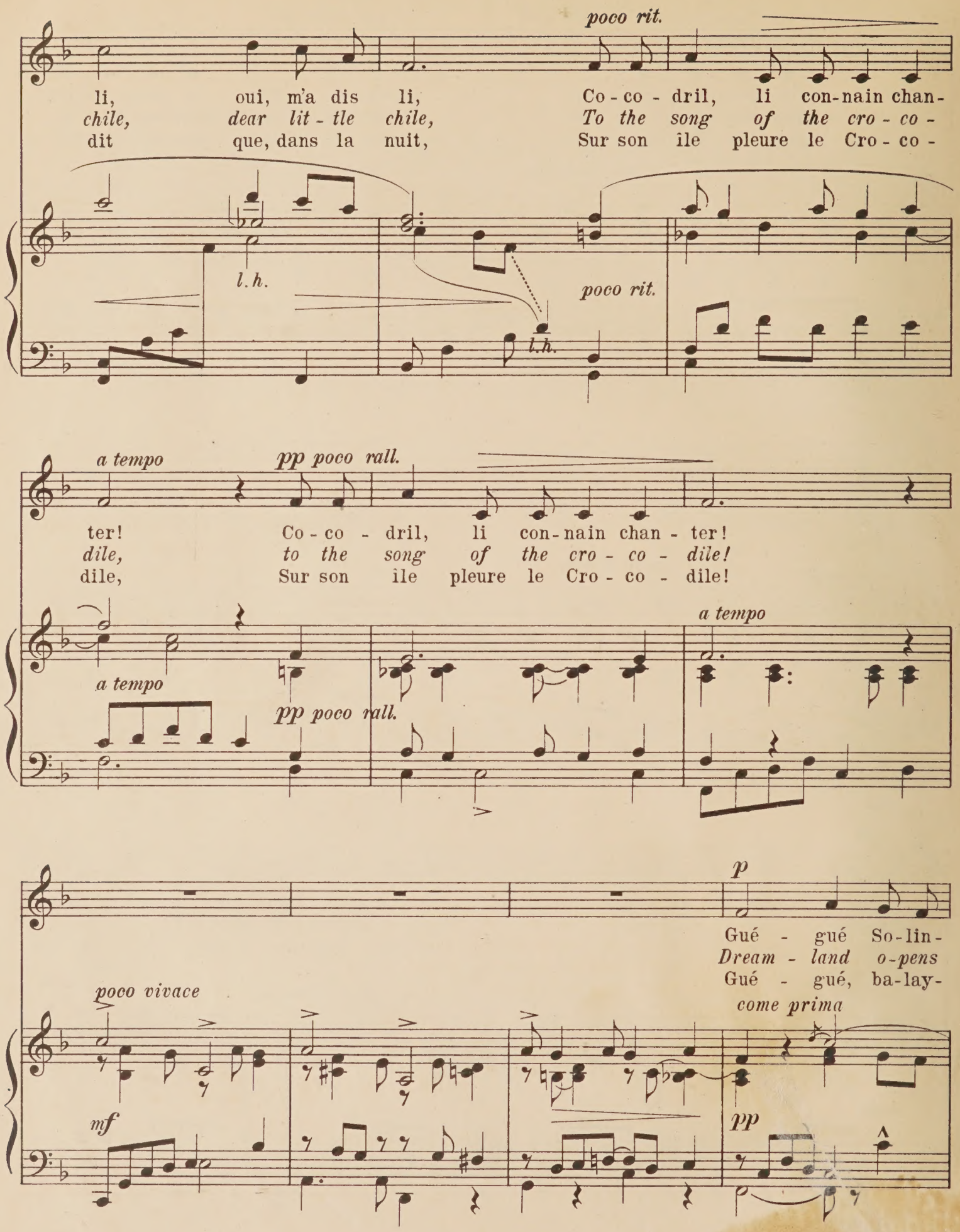
VII

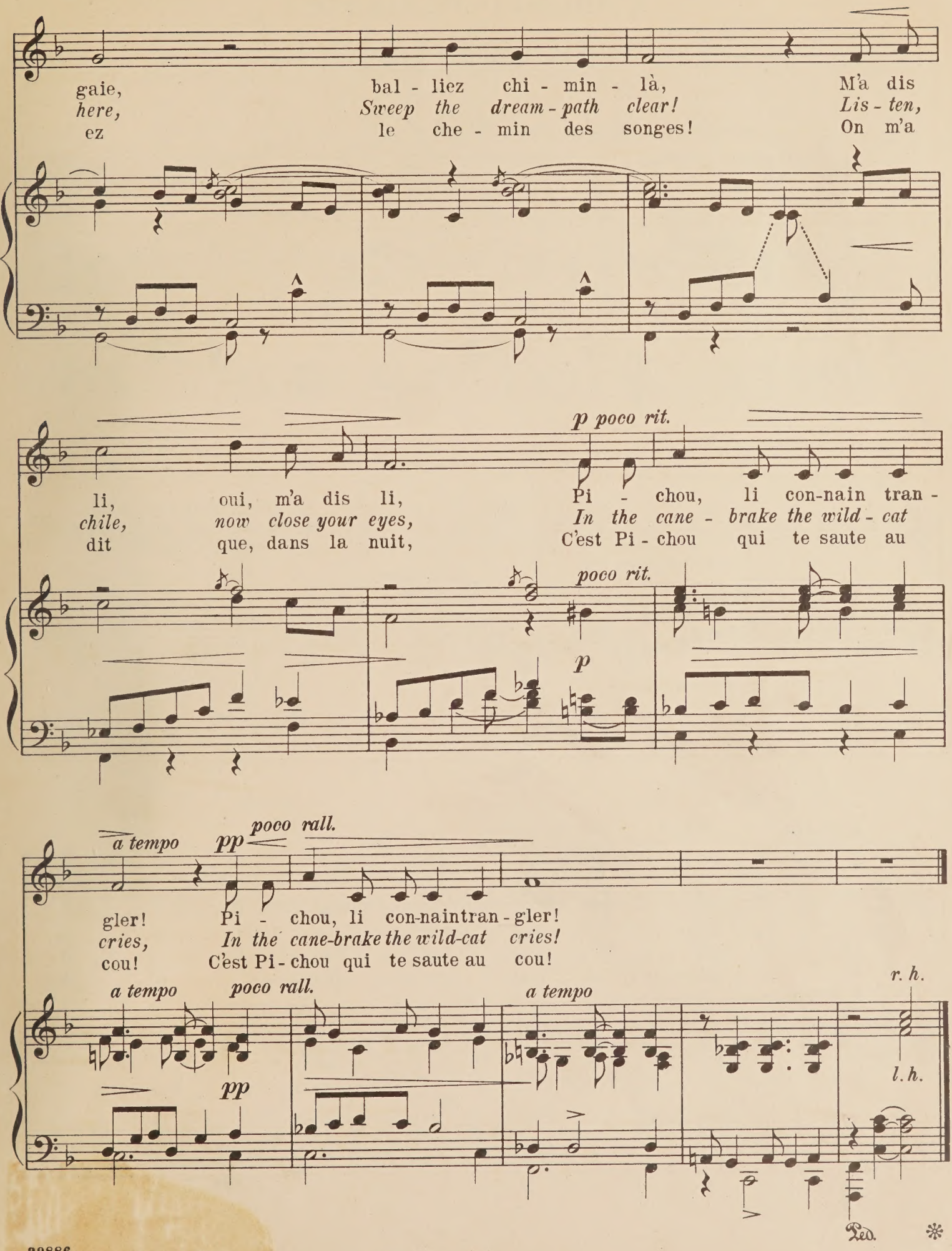
Gué-gué Solingaie

Berceuse

Allegretto grazioso


a tempo
pp poco rall.
basse, li con-nain par - ler!
tor - toise may have to tell,
tend par-ler la Tor - tue!
Cal - basse, li con-nain par -
What the tor - toise may have to
On en - tend par-ler la Tor -
a tempo
poco rall.
pp
ler!
tell!
tue!
a tempo
poco vivace
p
Gué - gué So-lin-gaie,
Dream - land o-pens here,
Gué - gué, ba-lay - ez
bal-liez chi - min - là,
Sweep the dream-path clear!
le che - min des songes!
M'a dis
Lis-ten,
On m'a
come prima
pp


poco rit.
li, oui, m'a dis li, Co - co - dril, li con-nain chan-
chile, dear lit - tle chile, To the song of the cro - co -
dit que, dans la nuit, Sur son île pleure le Cro - co -
l.h.
poco rit.
l.h.
a tempo
pp poco rall.
ter! Co - co - dril, li con-nain chan - ter!
dile, to the song of the cro - co - dile!
dile, Sur son île pleure le Cro - co - dile!
a tempo
a tempo
pp poco rall.
p
Gué - gué So-lin-
Dream - land o-pens
Gué - gué, ba-lay-
poco vivace
come prima
mf
pp

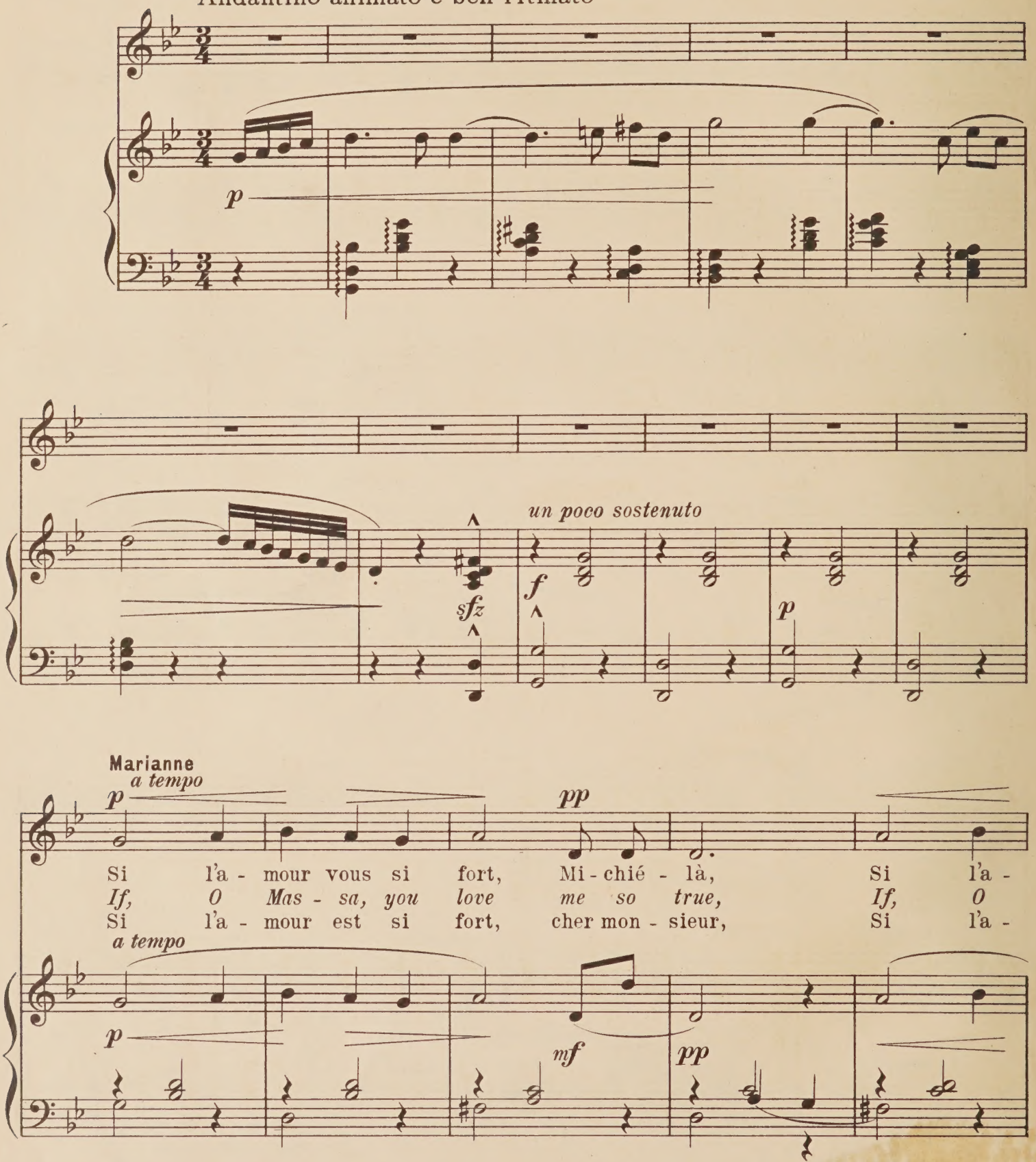

gaie, bal - liez chi - min - là, M'a dis
here, Sweep the dream - path clear! Lis - ten,
ez le che - min des songes! On m'a
li, oui, m'a dis li, Pi - chou, li con-nain tran -
chile, now close your eyes, In the cane - brake the wild - cat
dit que, dans la nuit, C'est Pi - chou qui te saute au
p poco rit.
poco rit.
p
gler! Pi - chou, li con-naintran - gler!
cries, In the cane-brake the wild-cat cries!
cou! C'est Pi - chou qui te saute au cou!
a tempo
pp
poco rall.
a tempo
poco rall.
a tempo
pp
r. h.
l. h.
Ped.
*

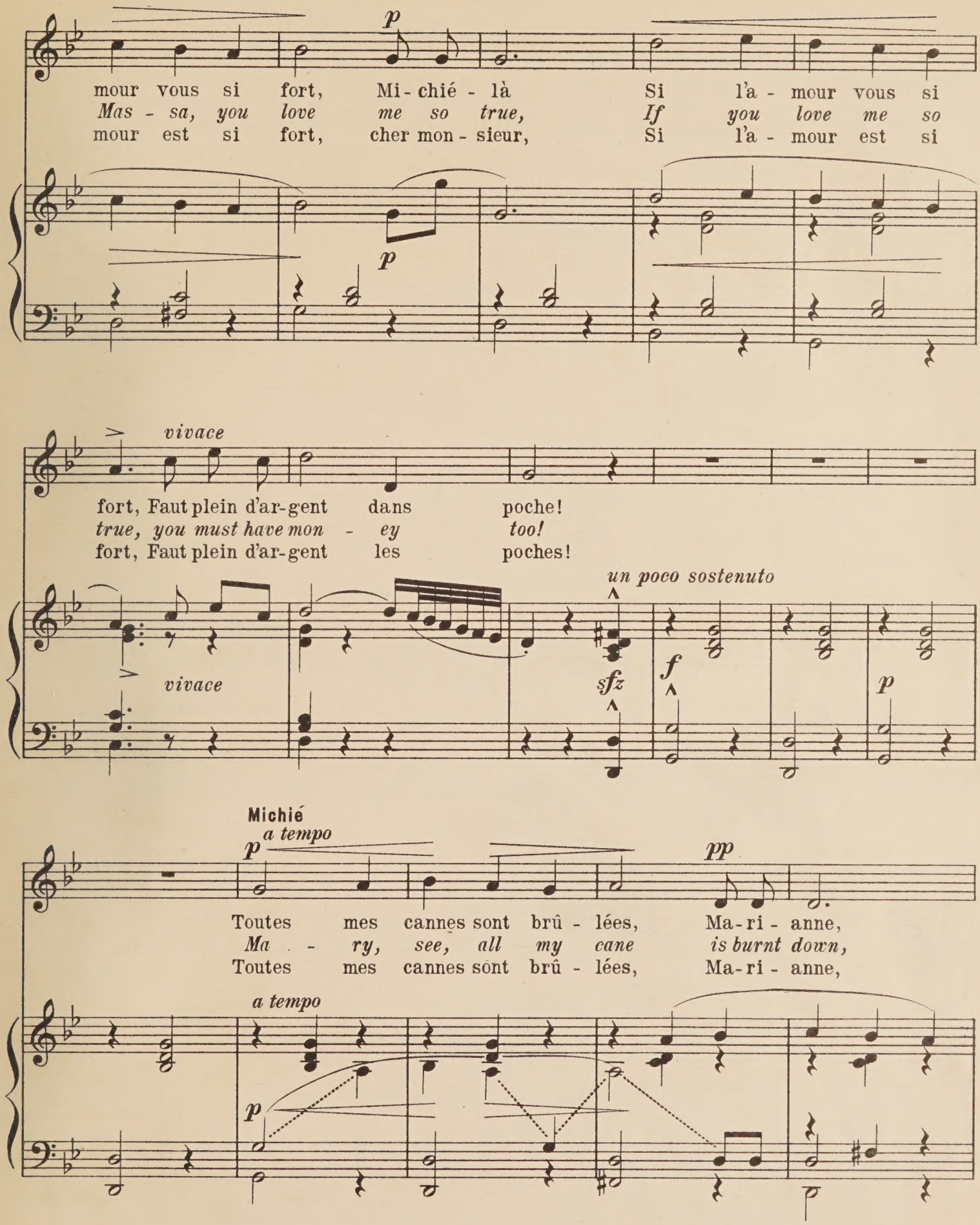
VIII

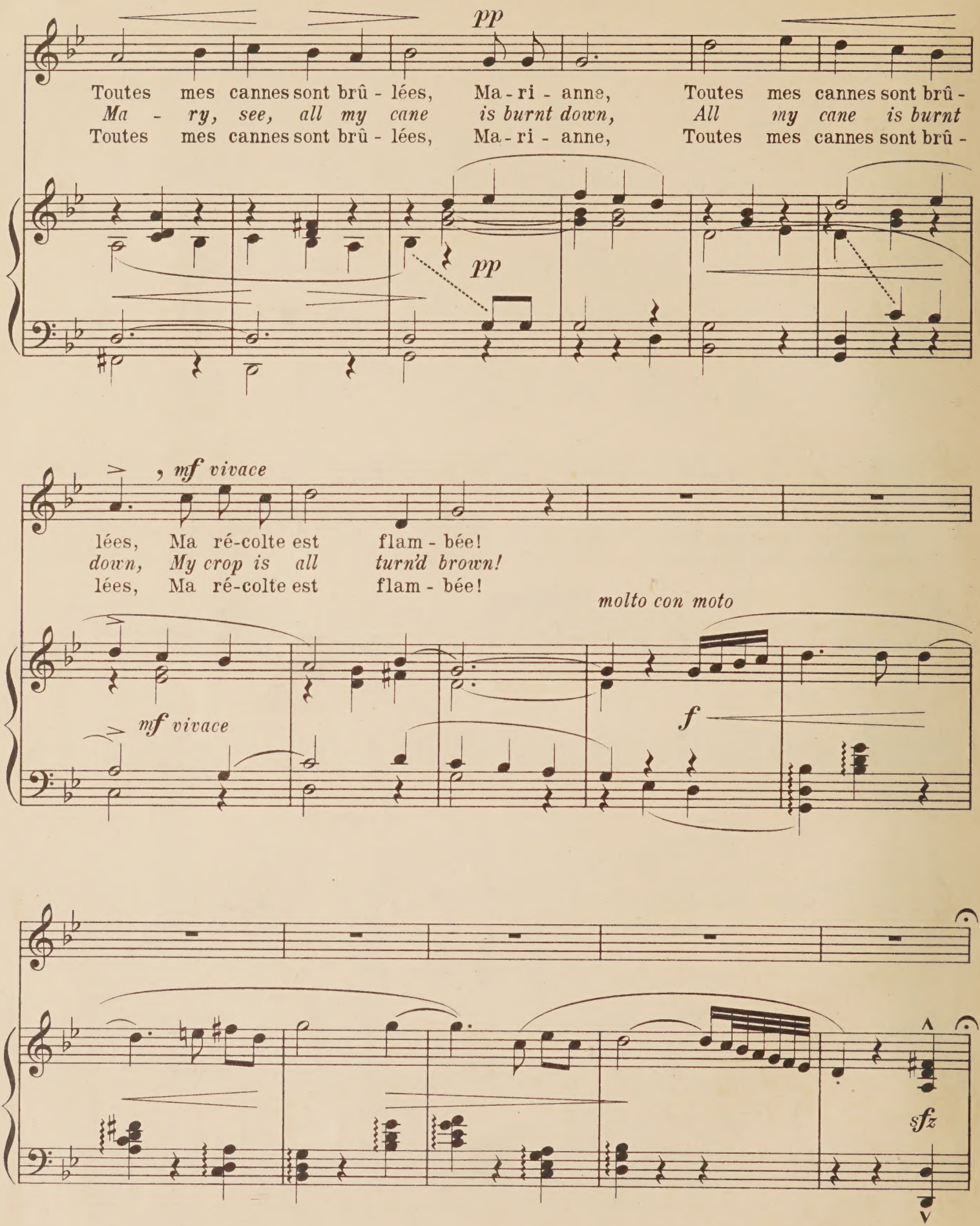
Z'Amours Marianne

Marianne's Loves

Andantino animato e ben ritmato




p
mour vous si fort, Mi - chié - là Si l'a - mour vous si
Mas - sa, you love me so true, If you love me so
mour est si fort, cher mon - sieur, Si l'a - mour est si
p
vivace
fort, Faut plein d'ar-gent dans poche!
true, you must have mon - ey too!
fort, Faut plein d'ar-gent les poches!
un poco sostenuto
vivace
sfz
f
p
Michié
a tempo
p
pp
Toutes mes cannes sont brû - lées, Ma-ri - anne,
Ma - ry, see, all my cane is burnt down,
Toutes mes cannes sont brû - lées, Ma-ri - anne,
a tempo
p


pp
Toutes mes cannes sont brû - lées, Ma - ri - anne, Toutes mes cannes sont brû -
Ma - ry, see, all my cane is burnt down, All my cane is burnt
Toutes mes cannes sont brû - lées, Ma - ri - anne, Toutes mes cannes sont brû -
pp
, mf vivace
lées, Ma ré-colte est flam - bée!
down, My crop is all turn'd brown!
lées, Ma ré-colte est flam - bée!
molto con moto
mf vivace
f
sfz

Marianne

con spirito

a tempo

f

Si cannes à vous bri - lées, Mi - chié - là, Si cannes
If, O Mas - sa, your cane - field is dry, If, O
Si vos cannes sont brû - lées, cher mon - sieur, Si vos

a tempo

f con spirito

con molto spirito

f

à vous bri - lées, Mi - chié - là, Si cannes à vous bri -
Mas - sa, your cane - field is dry, If your cane - field is
cannes sont brû - lées, cher mon - sieur, Si vos cannes sont brû -

f con molto spirito

f molto vivace

lées, L'a-mour à vous flam - bé!
dry, "No crop, no love," says I!
lées, L'a-mour en est flam - bé!

f molto vivace

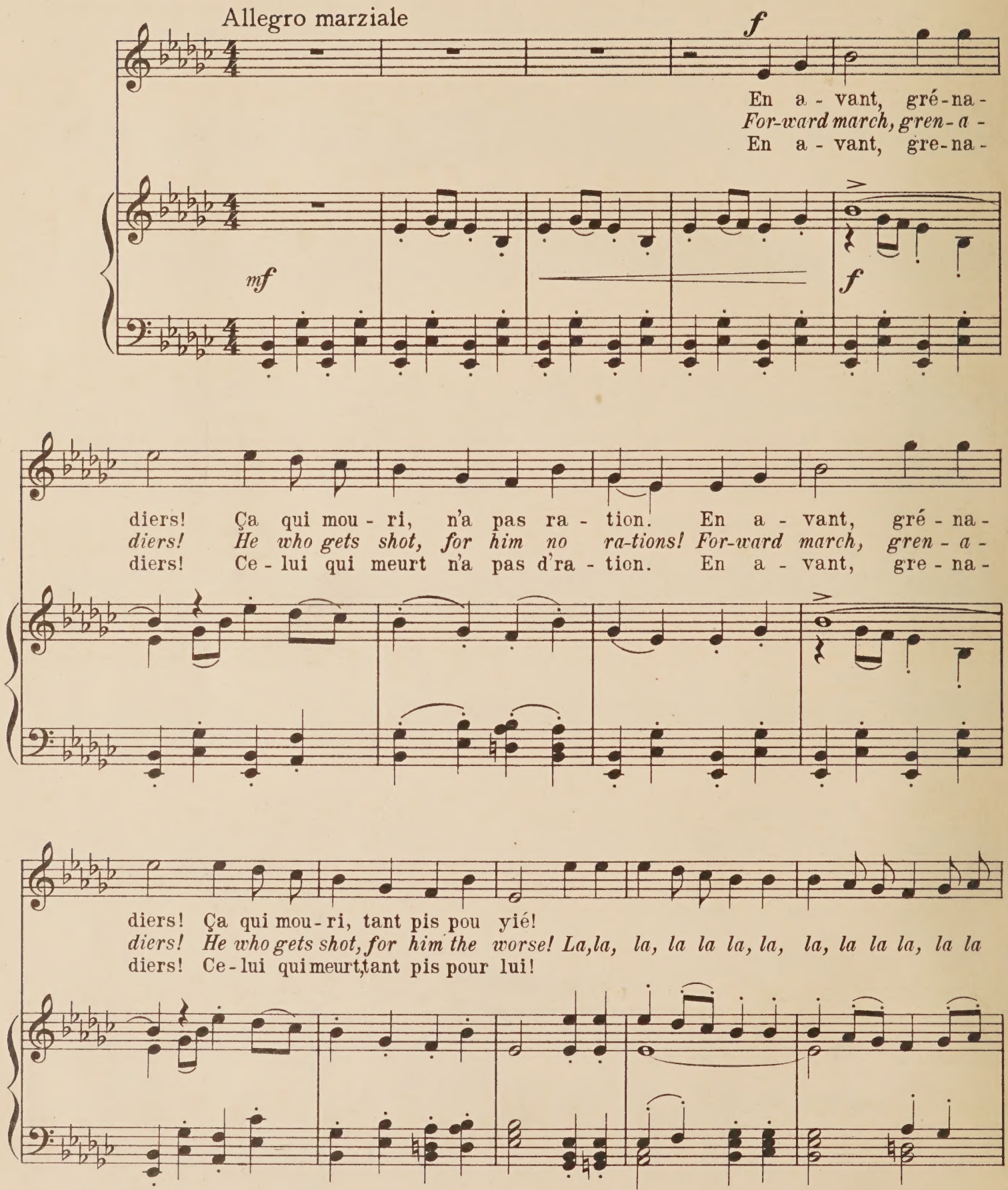
sfz *sfz*

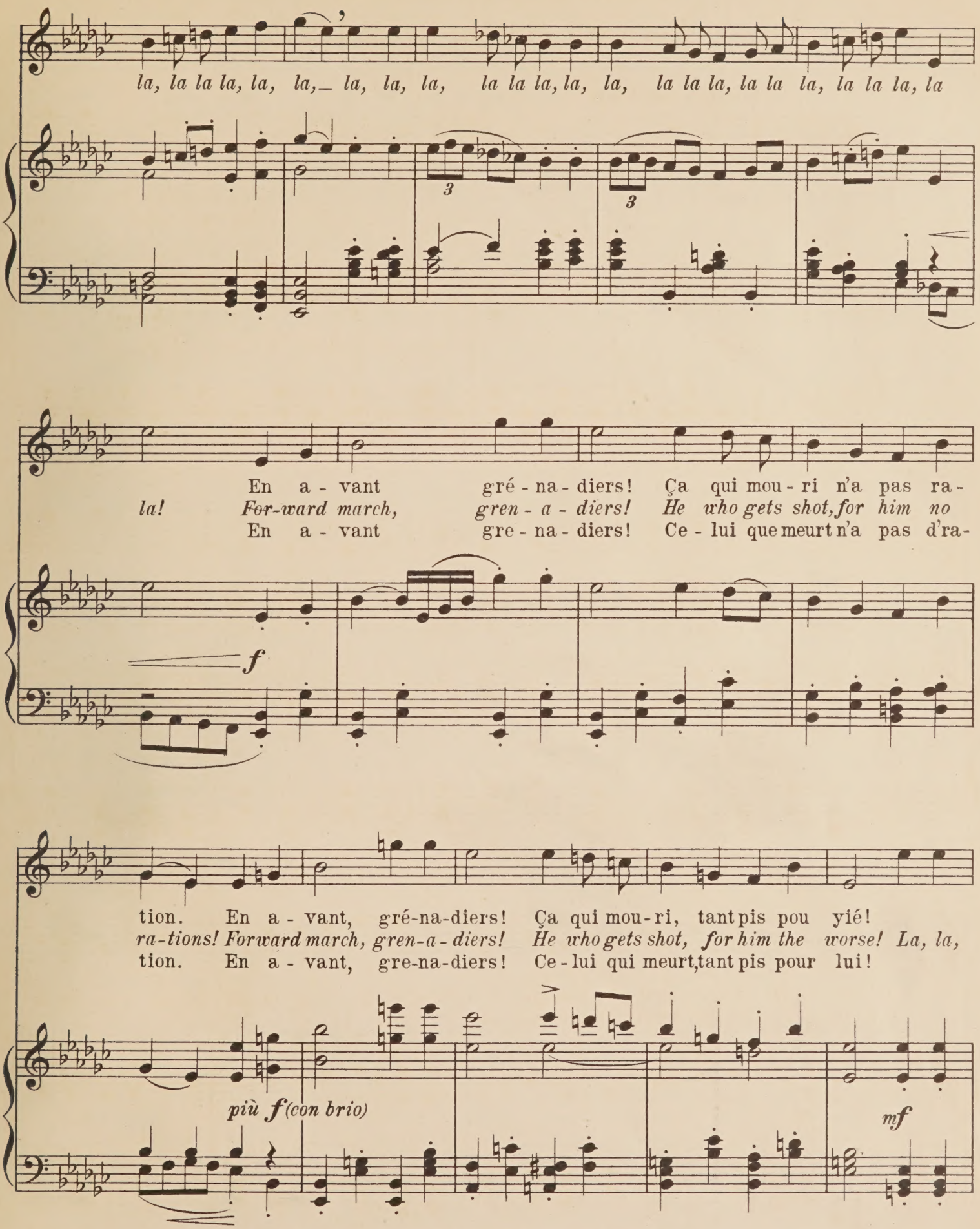
Ped.

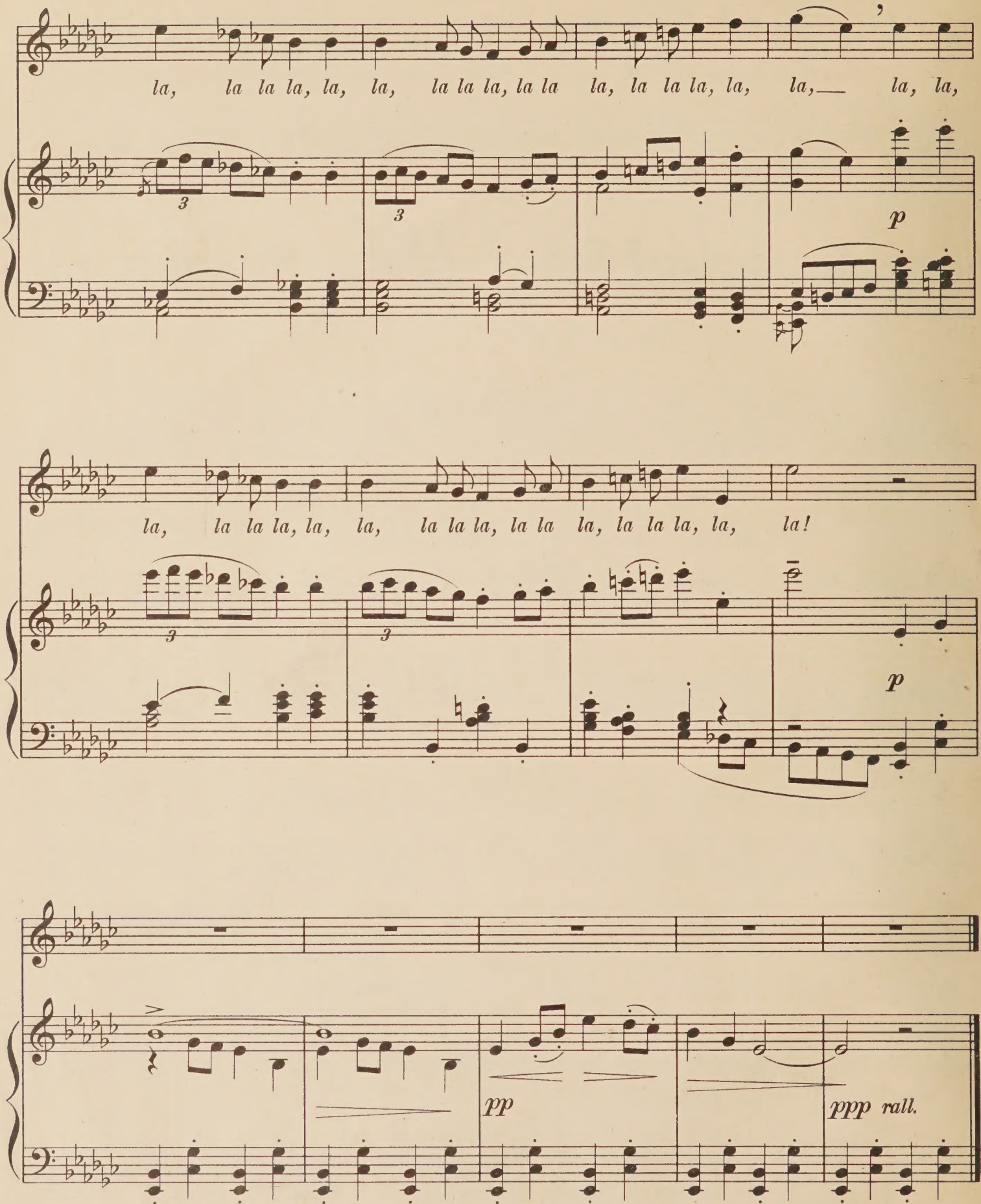
IX

En avant, Grénadiers!

Forward March, Grenadiers!



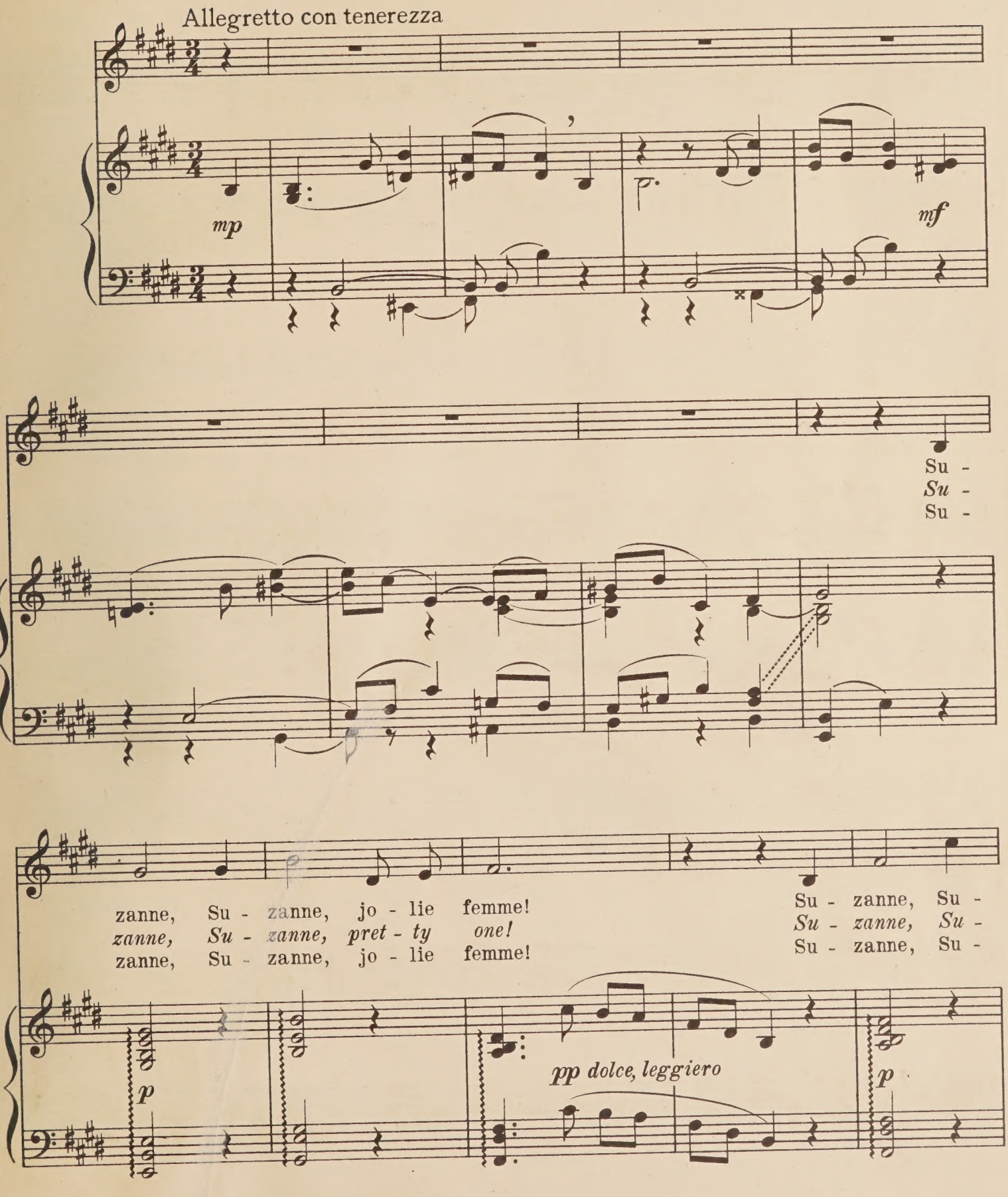

la, la la la, la, la,_ la, la, la, la la la, la, la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la
3
3
En a - vant gré - na - diers! Ça qui mou - ri n'a pas ra -
la! For-ward march, gren - a - diers! He who gets shot, for him no
En a - vant gre - na - diers! Ce - lui que meurt n'a pas d'ra -
f
tion. En a - vant, gré-na-diers! Ça qui mou-ri, tant pis pou yié!
ra-tions! Forward march, gren-a-diers! He who gets shot, for him the worse! La, la,
tion. En a - vant, gre-na-diers! Ce-lui qui meurt, tant pis pour lui!
più f (con brio)
mf


la, la la la, la, la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la, la, la, la,
p
la, la la la, la, la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la, la!
p
pp
ppp rall.

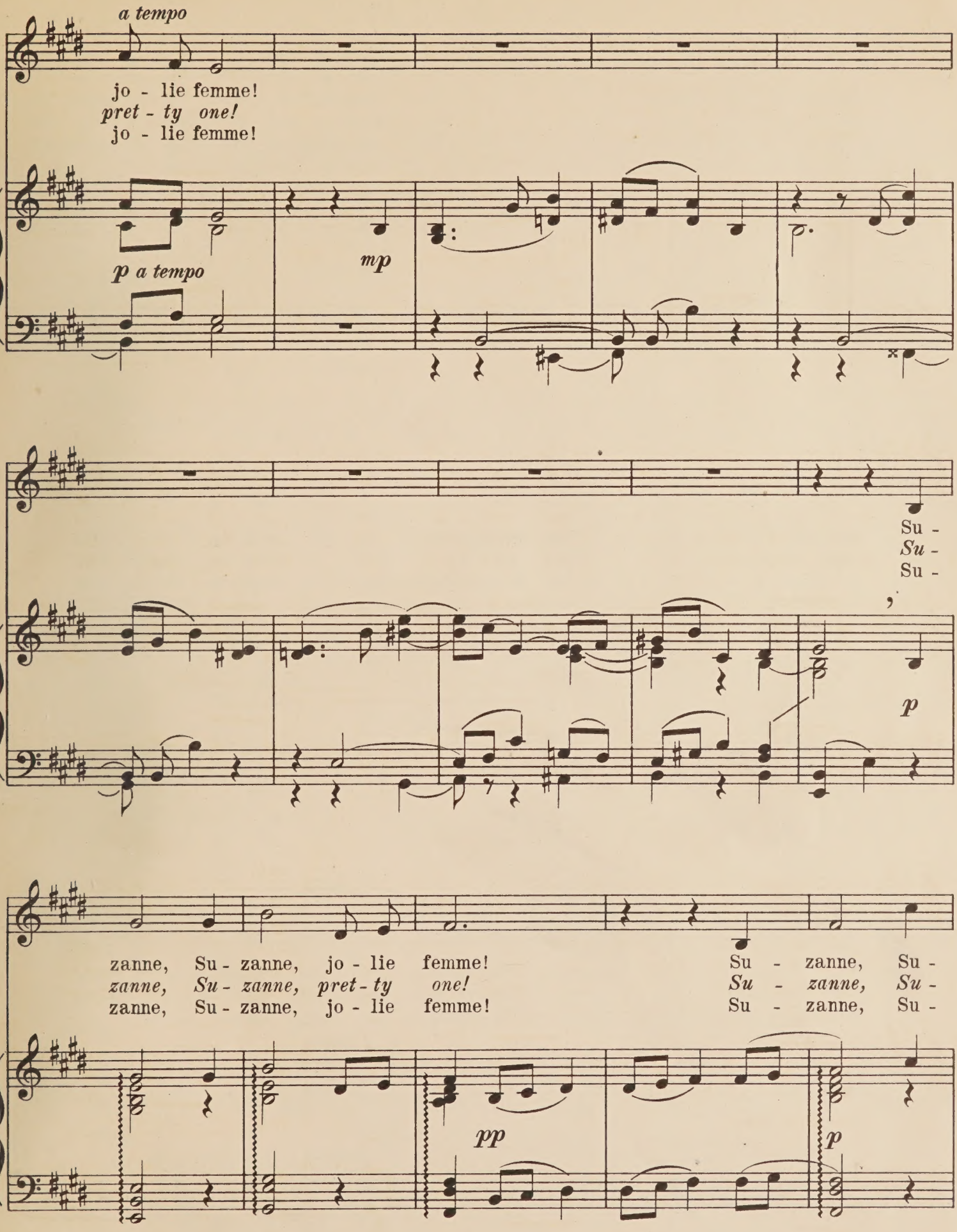
X

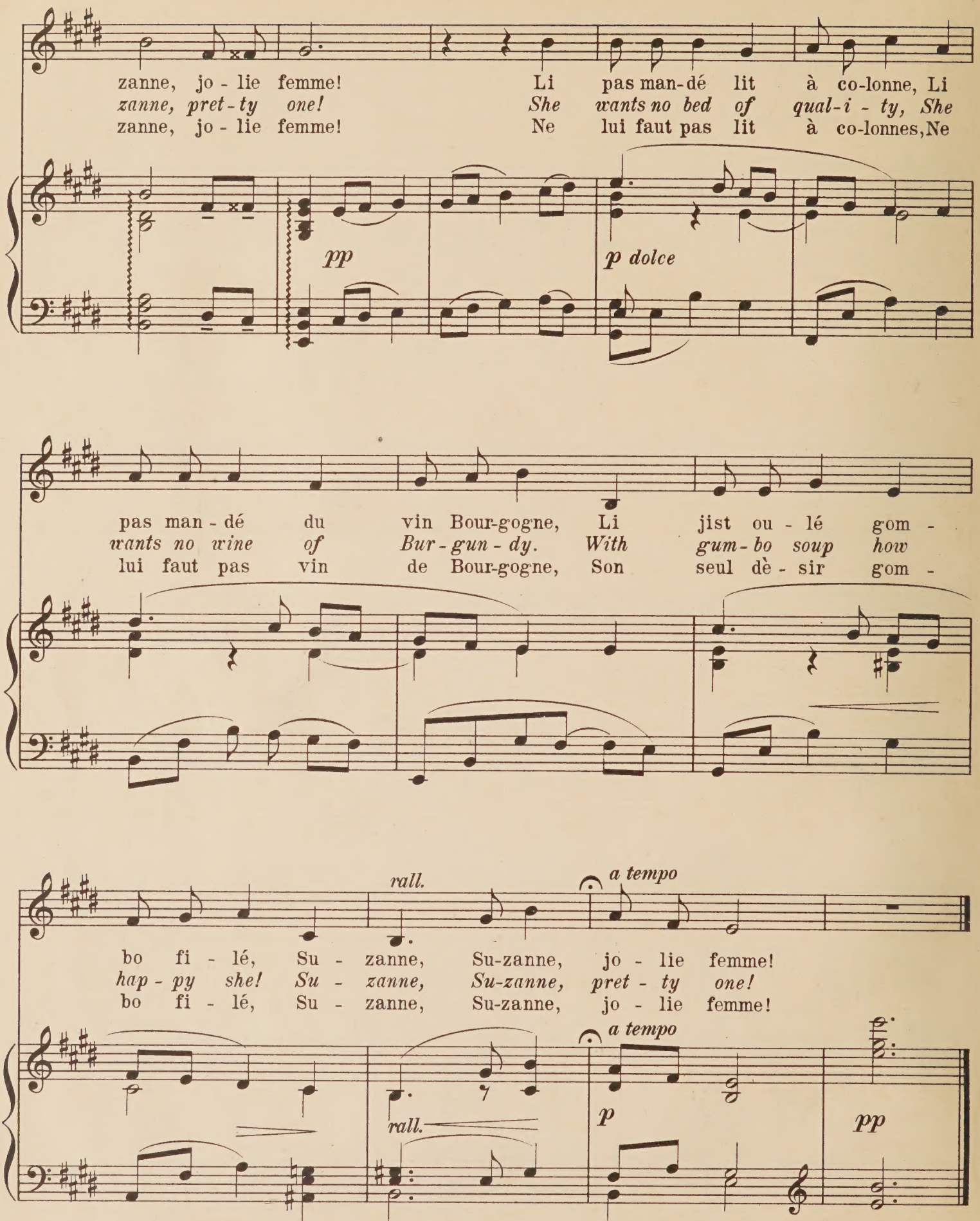
Suzanne, Suzanne, Jolie Femme!

Suzanne, Suzanne, Pretty One!



zanne, jo - lie femme! Li pas man - dé fau -
zanne, pret - ty one! She does not want a
zanne, jo - lie femme! Ne lui faut pas fau -
pp
dolce, como primo
mp
teuil bour - ré, Li pas man - dé ji - pon la soie, Li
cush - ion chair, She does not want silk un - der - wear, She
teuils bour - rés, Ne lui faut pas ju - pons de soie, Ne
rall.
pas man - dé ti - gnon ma - drasse, Su - zanne, Su - zanne,
wants no ma - dras on her hair, Su - zanne, Su - zanne,
lui faut point tur - bans d'ma - dras Su - zanne, Su - zanne,
un poco cresc.
rall.

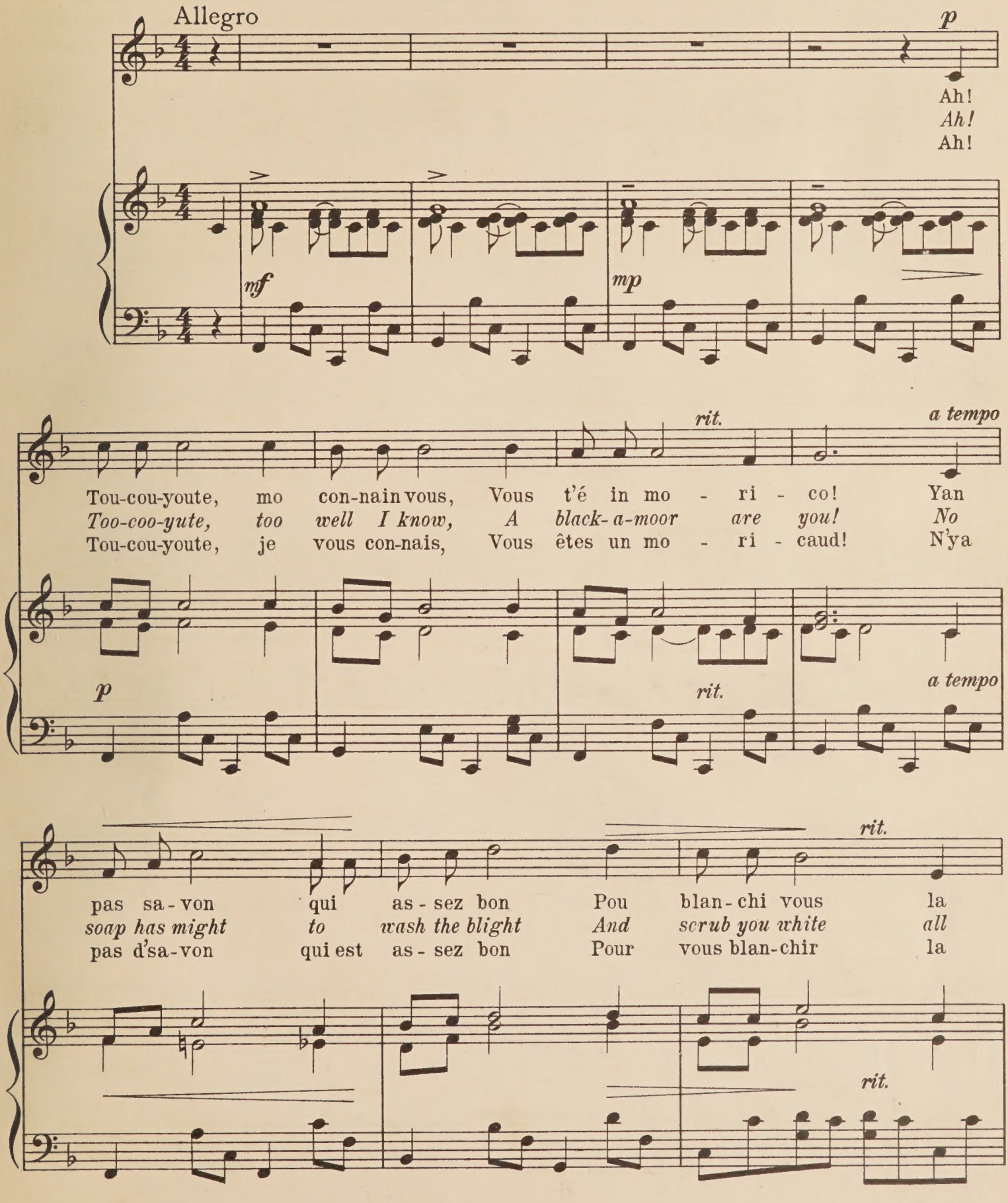

a tempo
jo - lie femme!
pret - ty one!
jo - lie femme!
p a tempo
mp
Su -
Su -
Su -
p
zanne, Su - zanne, jo - lie femme!
zanne, Su - zanne, pret - ty one!
zanne, Su - zanne, jo - lie femme!
Su - zanne, Su -
Su - zanne, Su -
Su - zanne, Su -
pp
p

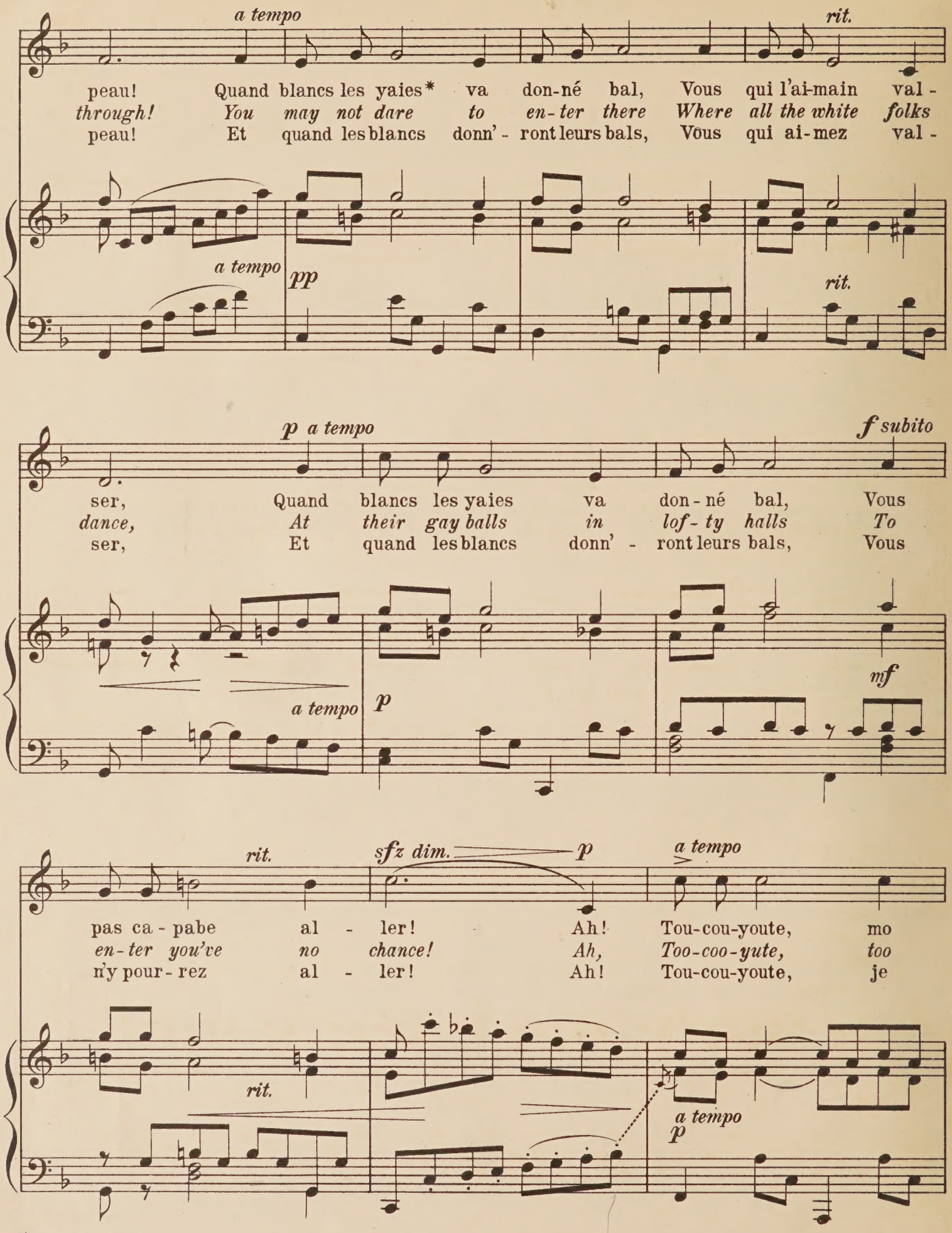

zanne, jo - lie femme! Li pas man-dé lit à co-lonne, Li
zanne, pret-ty one! She wants no bed of qual-i - ty, She
zanne, jo - lie femme! Ne lui faut pas lit à co-lonnes, Ne
pp
p dolce
pas man - dé du vin Bour-gogne, Li jist ou - lé gom -
wants no wine of Bur - gun - dy. With gum-bo soup how
lui faut pas vin de Bour-gogne, Son seul dè - sir gom -
rall.
a tempo
bo fi - lé, Su - zanne, Su-zanne, jo - lie femme!
hap - py she! Su - zanne, Su-zanne, pret - ty one!
bo fi - lé, Su - zanne, Su-zanne, jo - lie femme!
a tempo
rall.
p
pp

XI

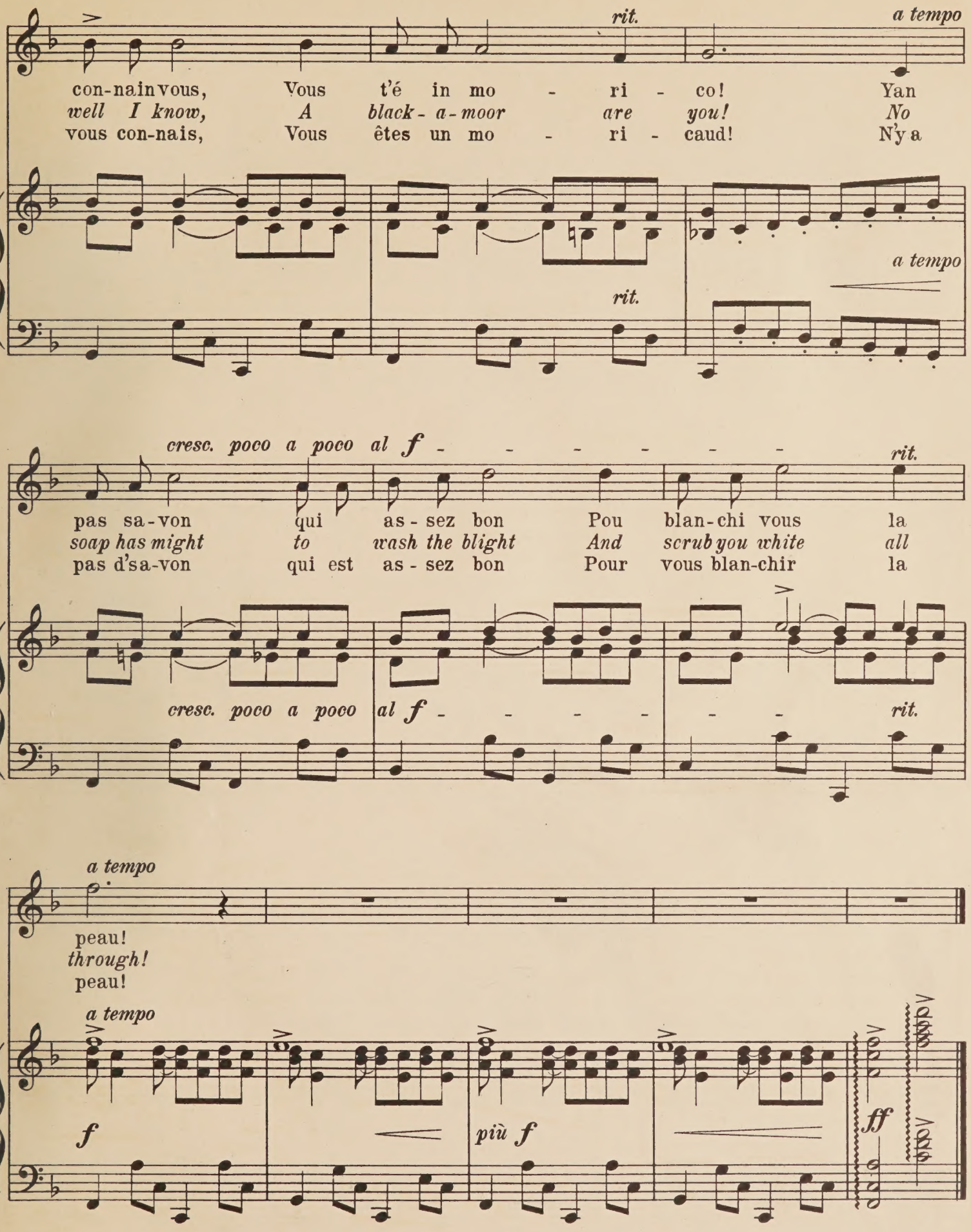
"Vous t'é in Morico!"

"You are a Blackamoor!"





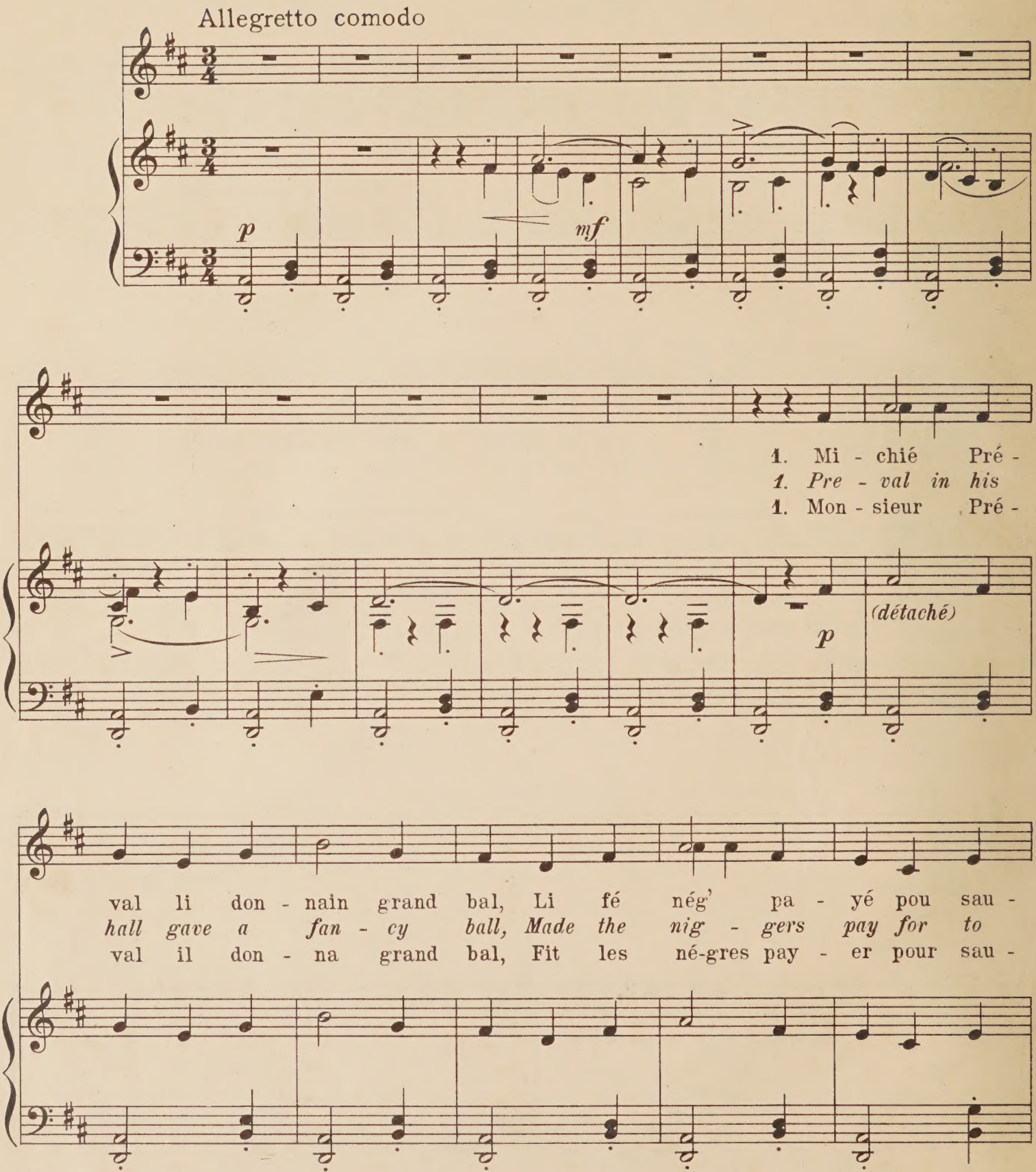
* Ces blancs-la.


rit.
a tempo
con-nain vous, Vous t'é in mo - ri - co! Yan
well I know, A black-a-moor are you! No
vous con-nais, Vous êtes un mo - ri - caud! N'y a
a tempo
rit.
cresc. poco a poco al f - - - - - - -
rit.
pas sa-von qui as-sez bon Pou blan-chi vous la
soap has might to wash the blight And scrub you white all
pas d'sa-von qui est as-sez bon Pour vous blan-chir la
cresc. poco a poco al f - - - - - -
rit.
a tempo
peau!
through!
peau!
a tempo
f
più f
ff

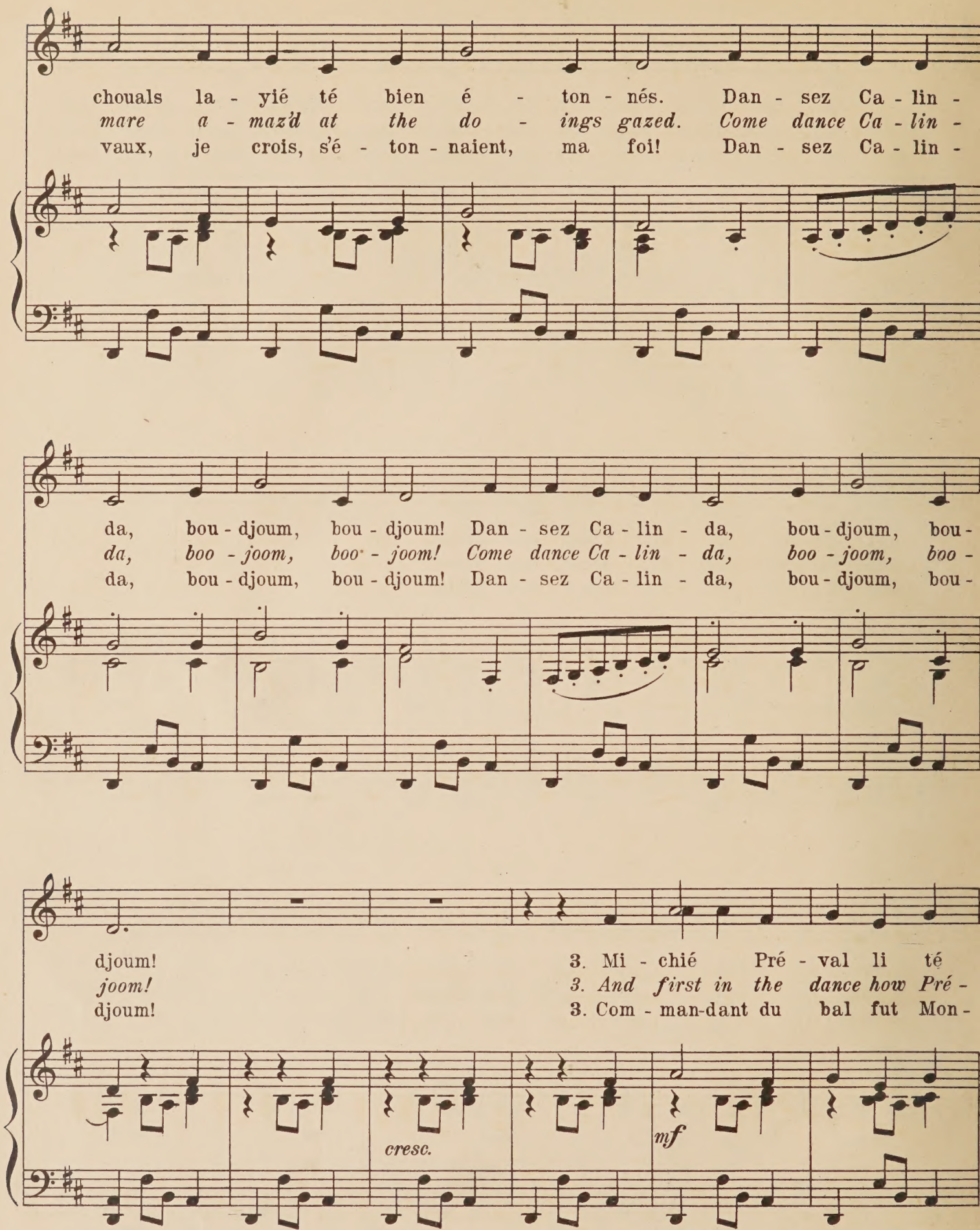
XII

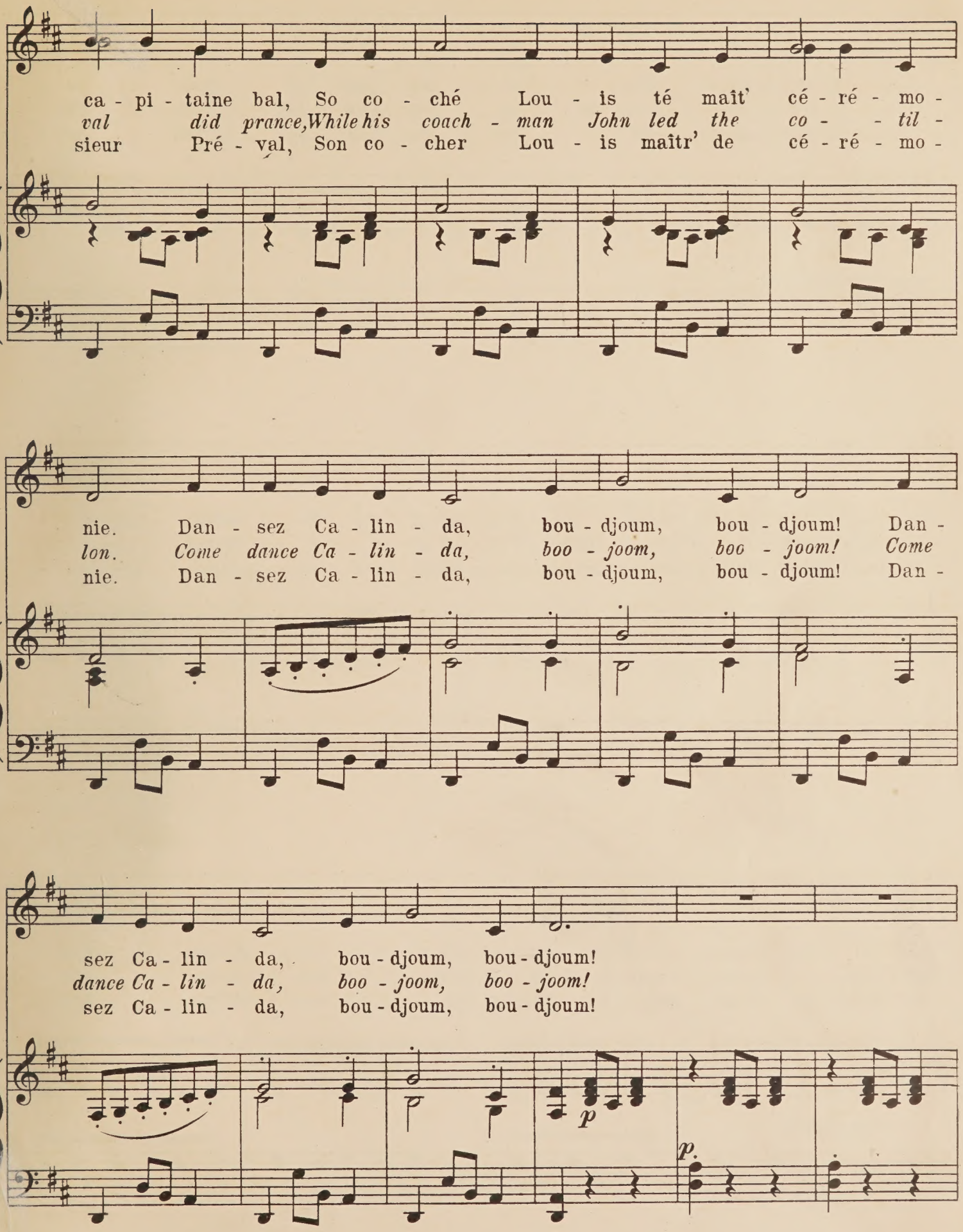
Michié Préval

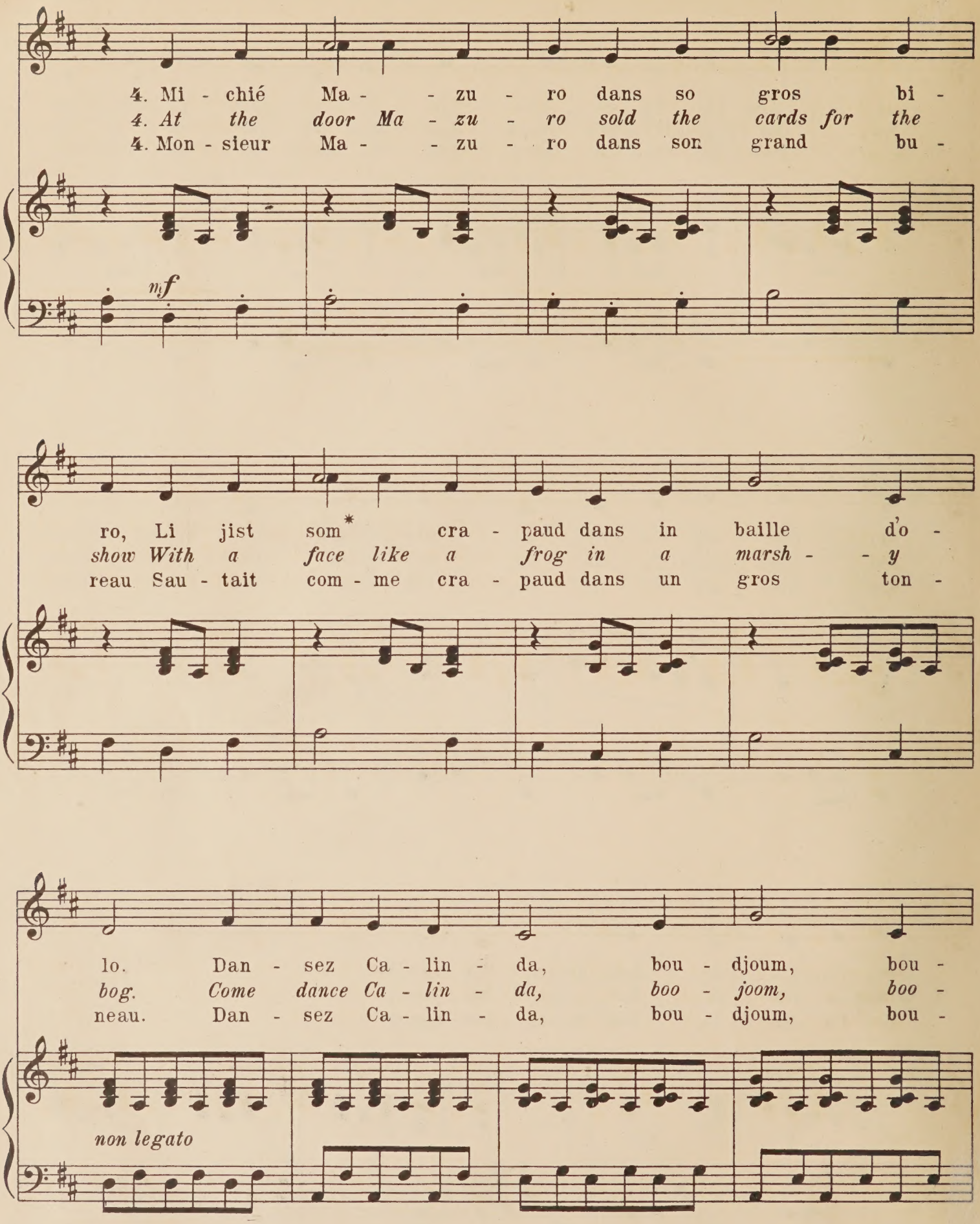
The Ball of Monsieur Préval



té in pé. Dan - sez Ca - lin - da, bou - djoum, bou - djoum! Dan -
dance and play. Come dance Ca - lin - da, boo - joom, boo - joom! Come
ter du pied. Dan - sez Ca - lin - da, bou - djoum, bou - djoum! Dan -
sez Ca - lin - da, bou - djoum, bou - djoum!
dance Ca - lin - da, boo - joom, boo - joom!
sez Ca - lin - da, bou - djoum, bou - djoum!
cresc.
2. Dans l'é - qui - rie - lá ya - vé grand ga - la, Mo cré
2. In the sta - bles wide they jigg'd side by side, Horse and
2. Dans l'é - cu - rie - lá l'on fit grand ga - la, Les che -
mf


chouals la - yié té bien é - ton - nés. Dan - sez Ca - lin -
mare a - maz'd at the do - ings gazed. Come dance Ca - lin -
vaux, je crois, s'é - ton - naient, ma foi! Dan - sez Ca - lin -
da, bou - djoum, bou - djoum! Dan - sez Ca - lin - da, bou - djoum, bou -
da, boo - joom, boo - joom! Come dance Ca - lin - da, boo - joom, boo -
da, bou - djoum, bou - djoum! Dan - sez Ca - lin - da, bou - djoum, bou -
djoum!
joom!
djoum!
3. Mi - chié Pré - val li té
3. And first in the dance how Pré -
3. Com - man-dant du bal fut Mon -
cresc.
mf


ca - pi - taine bal, So co - ché Lou - is té maît' cé - ré - mo -
val did prance, While his coach - man John led the co - - til -
sieur Pré - val, Son co - cher Lou - is maîtr' de cé - ré - mo -
nie. Dan - sez Ca - lin - da, bou - djoum, bou - djoum! Dan -
lon. Come dance Ca - lin - da, boo - joom, boo - joom! Come
nie. Dan - sez Ca - lin - da, bou - djoum, bou - djoum! Dan -
sez Ca - lin - da, bou - djoum, bou - djoum!
dance Ca - lin - da, boo - joom, boo - joom!
sez Ca - lin - da, bou - djoum, bou - djoum!
p
p.


4. Mi - chié Ma - - zu - ro dans so gros bi -
4. At the door Ma - zu - ro sold the cards for the
4. Mon - sieur Ma - - zu - ro dans son grand bu -
mf
ro, Li jist som* cra - paud dans in baille d'o -
show With a face like a frog in a marsh - - y
reau Sau - tait com - me cra - paud dans un gros ton -
lo. Dan - sez Ca - lin - da, bou - djoum, bou -
bog. Come dance Ca - lin - da, boo - joom, boo -
neau. Dan - sez Ca - lin - da, bou - djoum, bou -
non legato

* semble

djoum! Dan - sez Ca - lin da, bou - djoum, bou -
joom! *Come dance Ca - lin - da,* *boo - joom,* *boo -*
djoum! Dan - sez Ca - lin da, bou - djoum, bou -

djoum!
joom!
djoum!

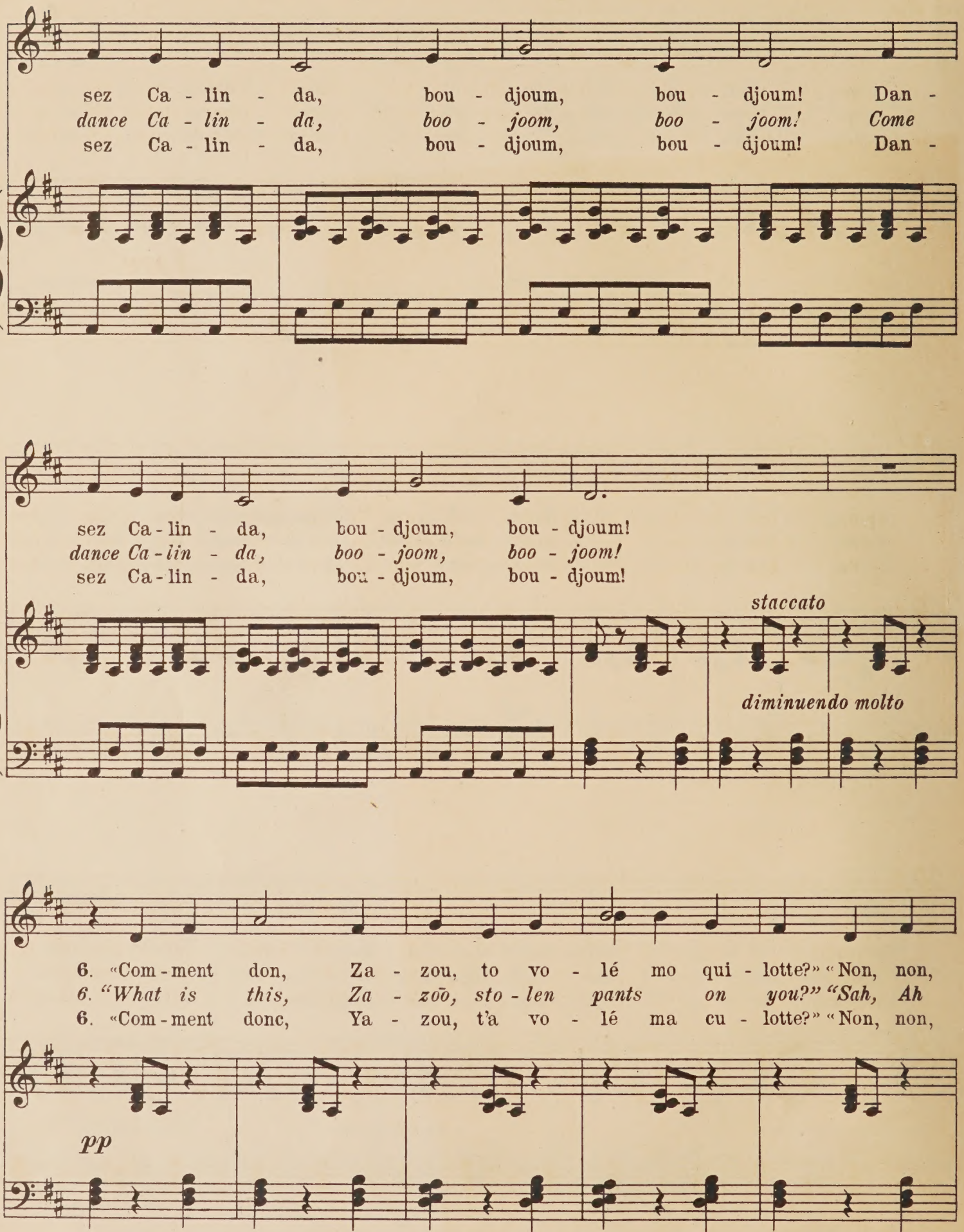
5. Yé té* gain né-gresses belles pas-sé maî -
5. *Co-lor'd maids ga - lore look'd as ne'er be -*
5. Né-gresses en ma - dras leurs maî-tresses sur -

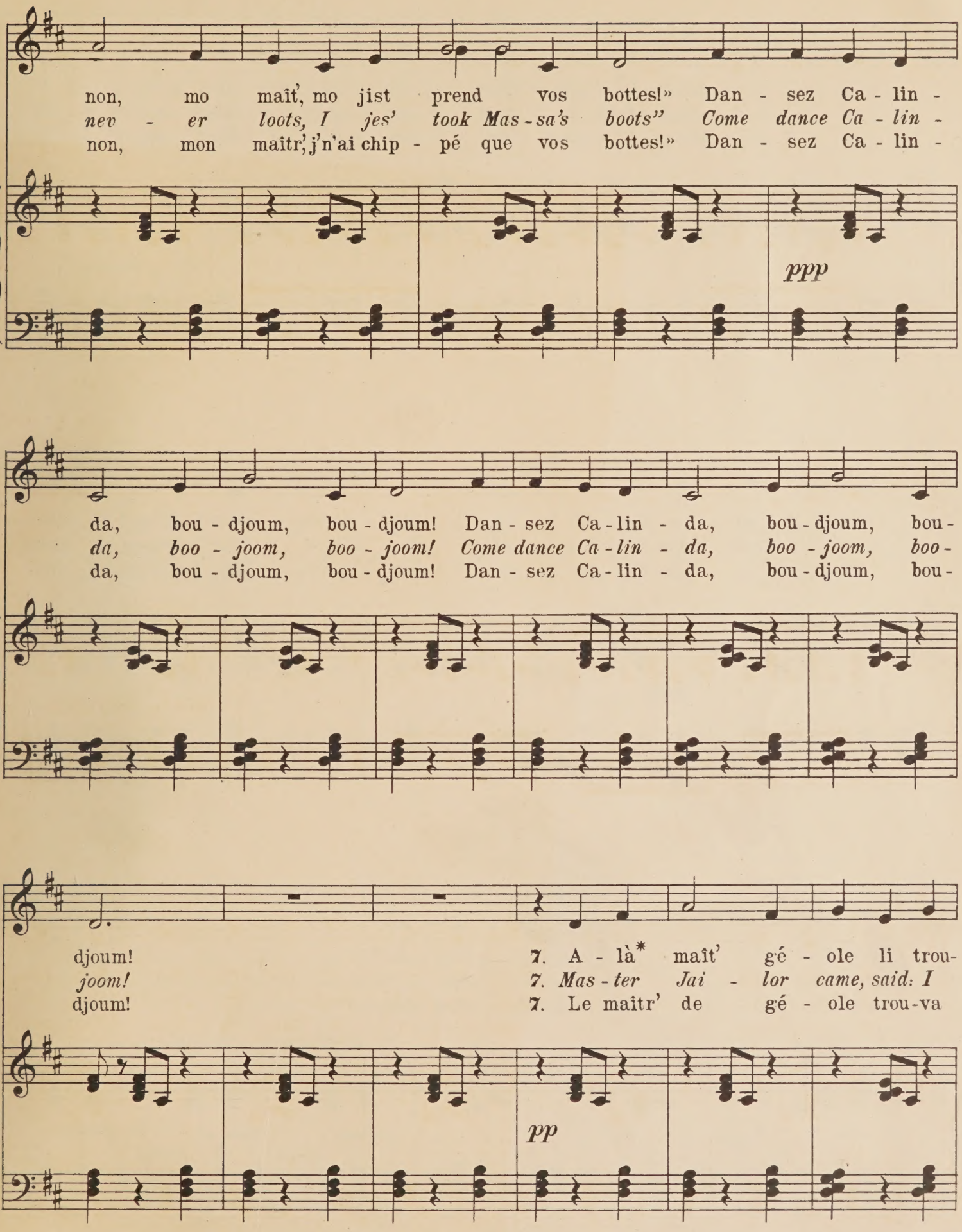
p *p* *mf*

tresses, Qui vo - lé belles-belles dans l'ar - moir mom - zelles. Dan -
fore, For they stole their dress from their mis - ses' press. Come
passent, Ont vo - lé belles-belles dans l'ar - moir des mam' - zelles. Dan -

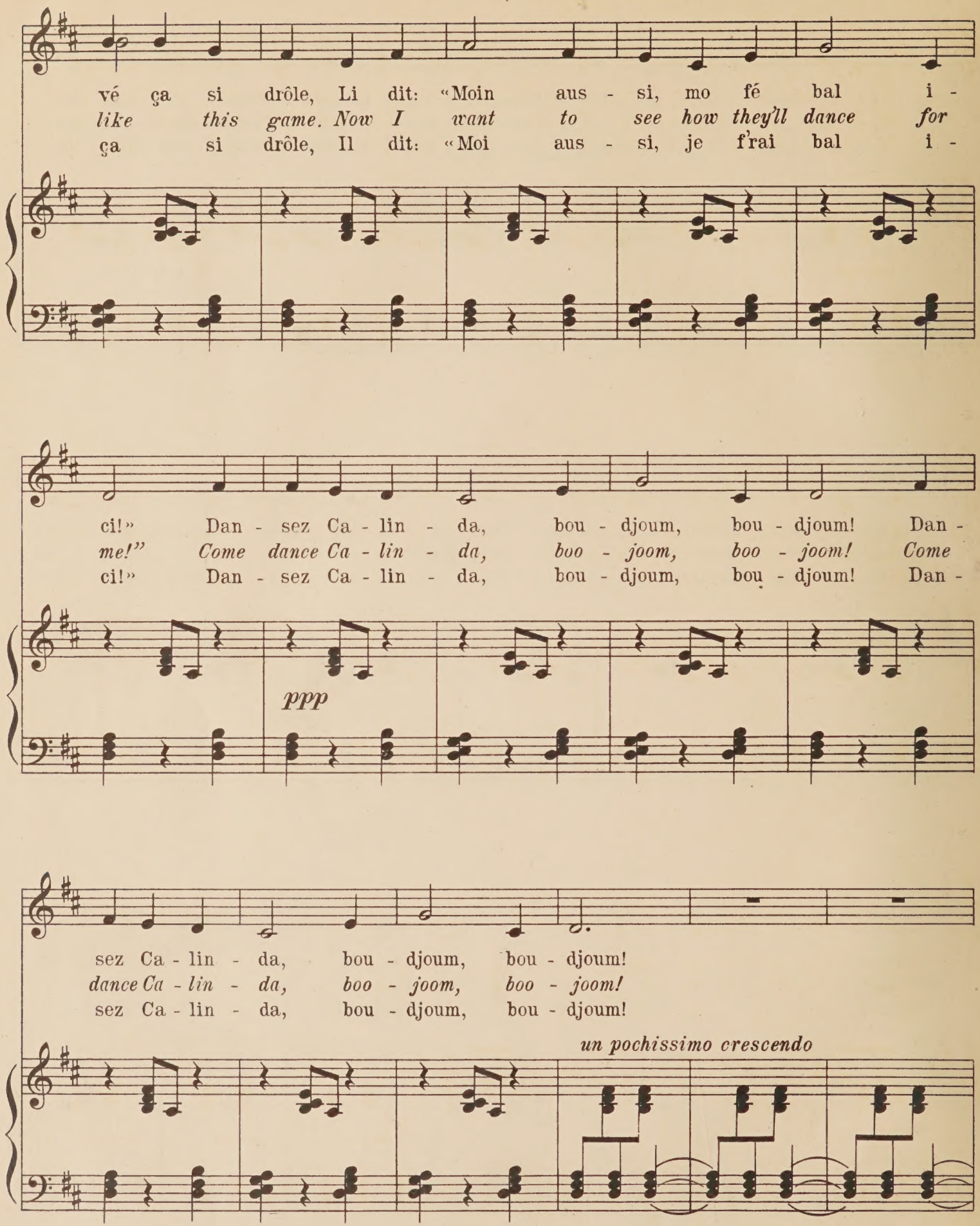
non legato

* il y avait

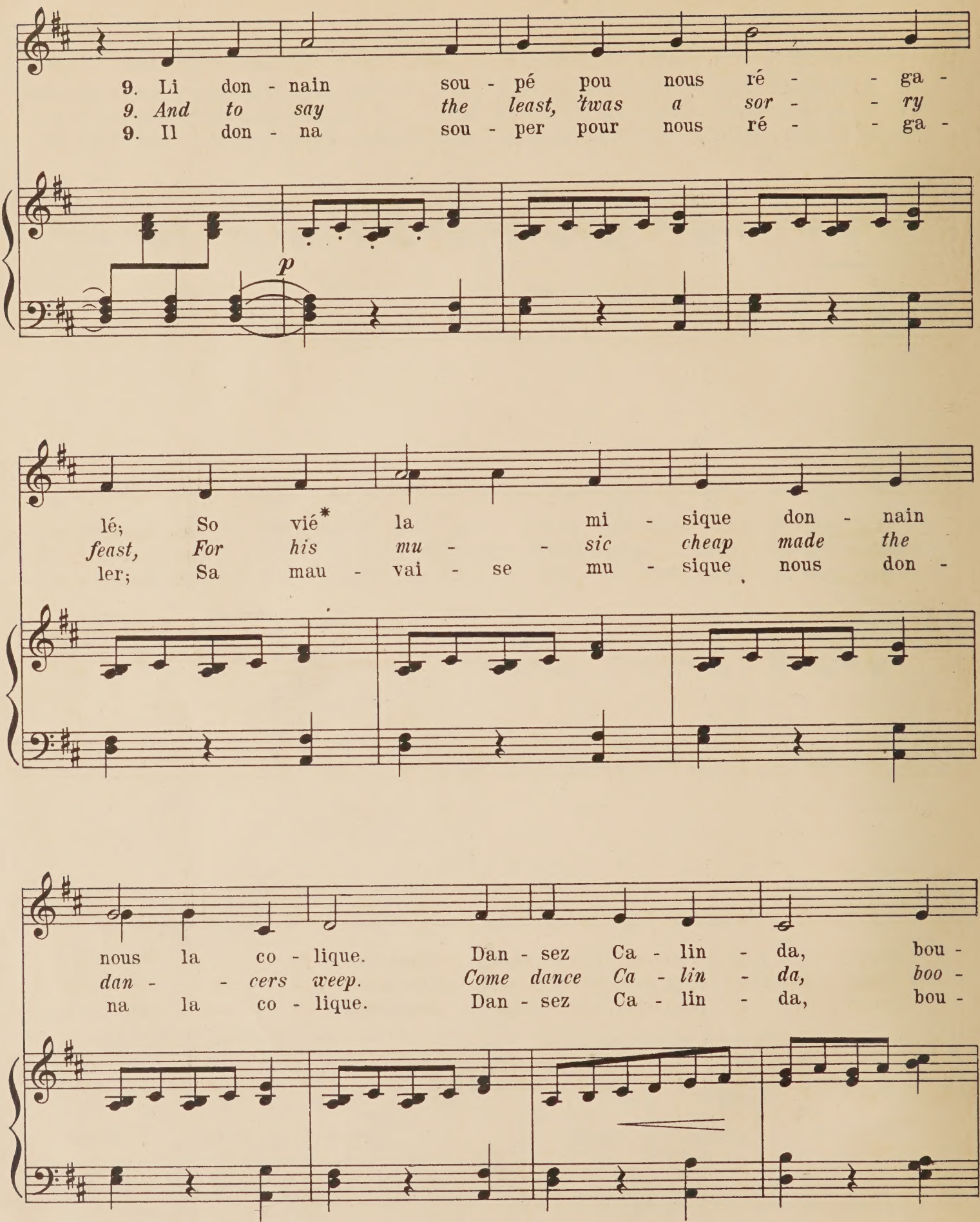

sez Ca - lin - da, bou - djoum, bou - djoum! Dan -
dance Ca - lin - da, boo - joom, boo - joom! Come
sez Ca - lin - da, bou - djoum, bou - djoum! Dan -
sez Ca - lin - da, bou - djoum, bou - djoum!
dance Ca - lin - da, boo - joom, boo - joom!
sez Ca - lin - da, bou - djoum, bou - djoum!
staccato
diminuendo molto
6. «Com - ment don, Za - zou, to vo - lé mo qui - lotte?» «Non, non,
6. "What is this, Za - zōō, sto - len pants on you?" "Sah, Ah
6. «Com - ment donc, Ya - zou, t'a vo - lé ma cu - lotte?» «Non, non,
pp


non, mo maît', mo jist prend vos bottes!» Dan - sez Ca - lin -
nev - er loots, I jes' took Mas - sa's boots" Come dance Ca - lin -
non, mon maîtr', j'n'ai chip - pé que vos bottes!» Dan - sez Ca - lin -
ppp
da, bou - djoum, bou - djoum! Dan - sez Ca - lin - da, bou - djoum, bou -
da, boo - joom, boo - joom! Come dance Ca - lin - da, boo - joom, boo -
da, bou - djoum, bou - djoum! Dan - sez Ca - lin - da, bou - djoum, bou -
djoum!
joom!
djoum!
7. A - là* maît' gé - ole li trou -
7. Mas - ter Jai - lor came, said: I
7. Le maîtr' de gé - ole trou - va
pp

* Alà = Voilà


vé ça si drôle, Li dit: «Moin aus - si, mo fé bal i -
like this game. Now I want to see how they'll dance for
ça si drôle, Il dit: «Moi aus - si, je f'rai bal i -
ci!» Dan - sez Ca - lin - da, bou - djoum, bou - djoum! Dan -
me!" Come dance Ca - lin - da, boo - joom, boo - joom! Come
ci!» Dan - sez Ca - lin - da, bou - djoum, bou - djoum! Dan -
ppp
sez Ca - lin - da, bou - djoum, bou - djoum!
dance Ca - lin - da, boo - joom, boo - joom!
sez Ca - lin - da, bou - djoum, bou - djoum!
un pochissimo crescendo

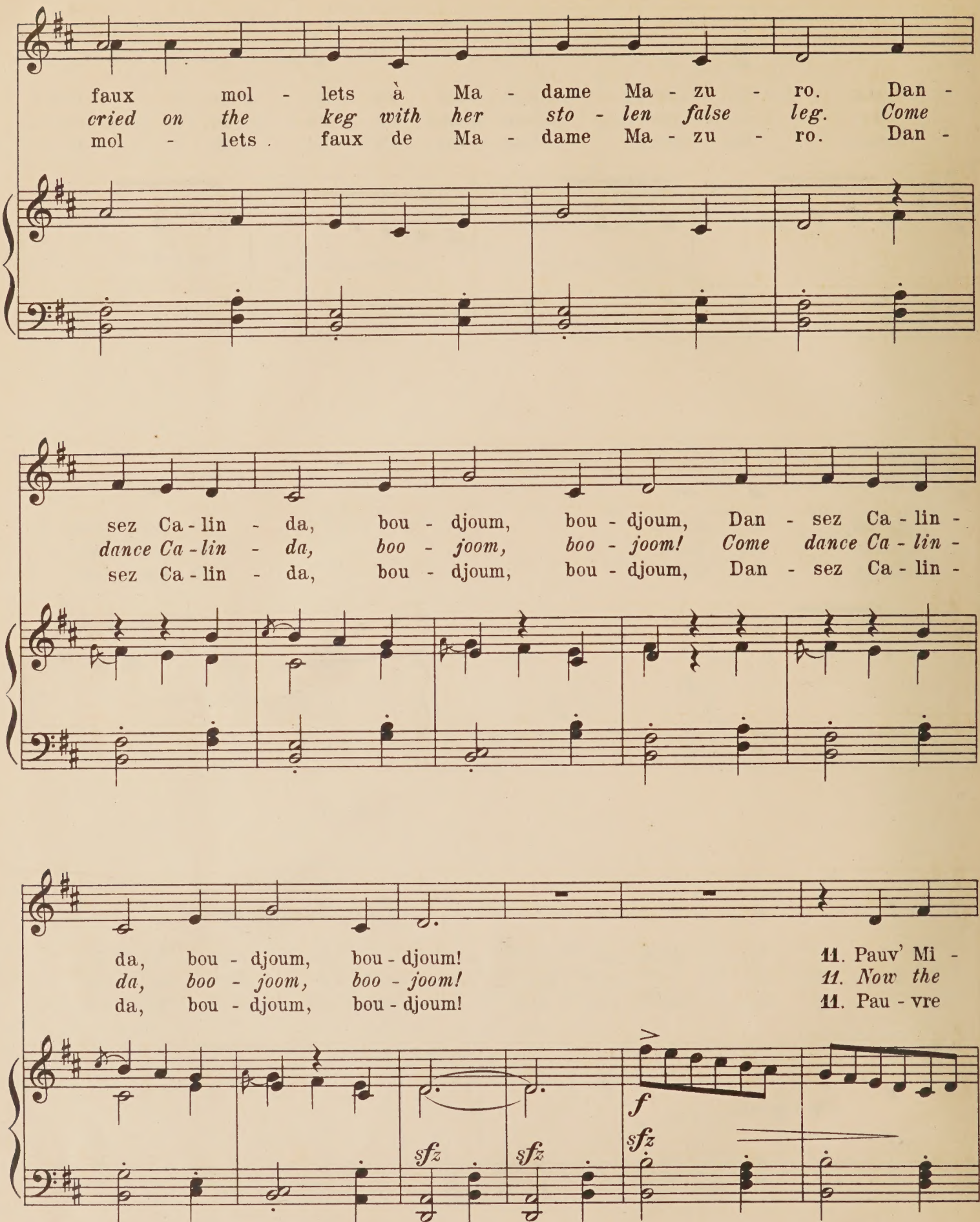
* Yé prend = ils ont pris.

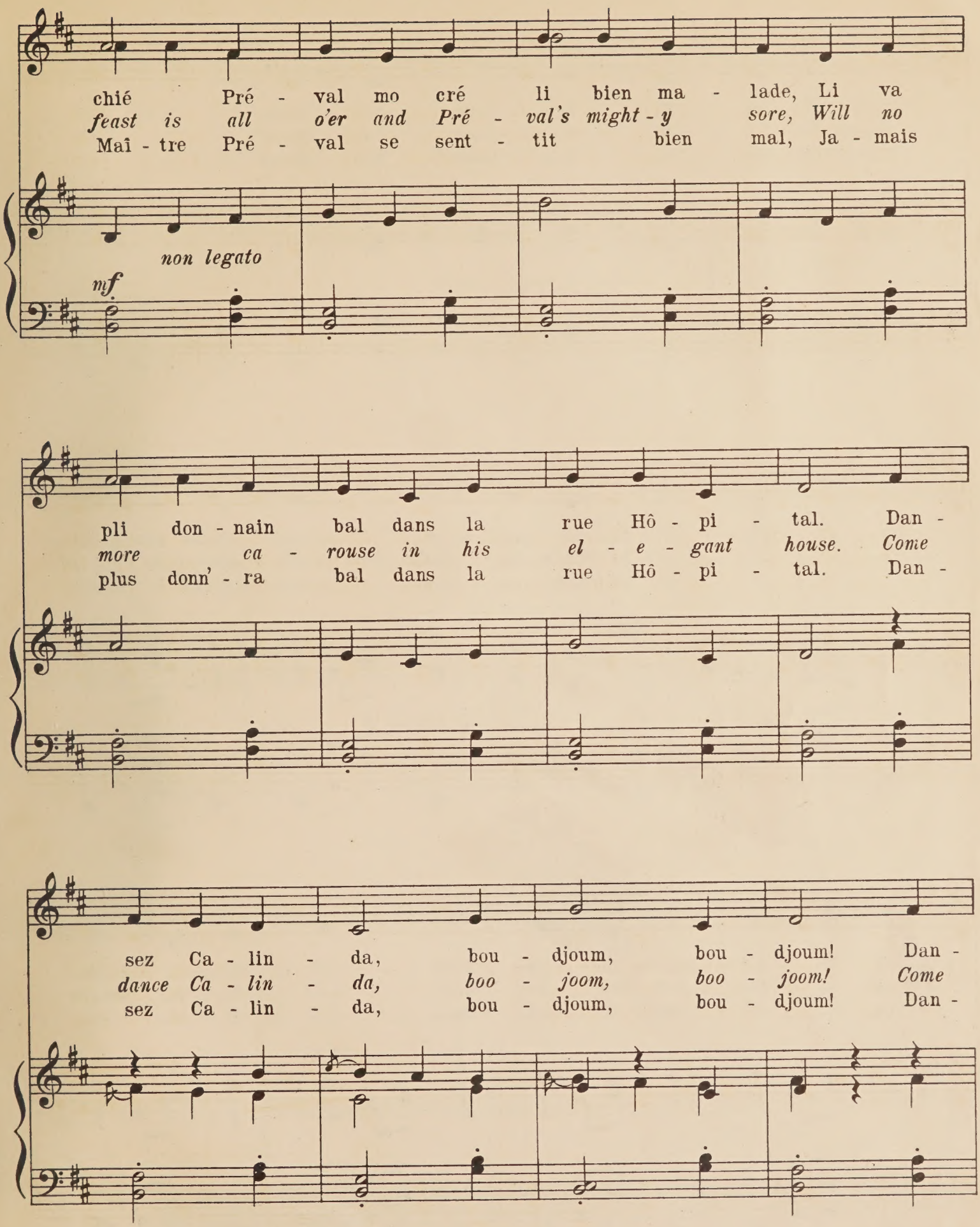

9. Li don - nain sou - pé pou nous ré - - ga -
9. And to say the least, 'twas a sor - - ry
9. Il don - na sou - per pour nous ré - - ga -
p
lé; So vié* la mi - sique don - nain
feast, For his mu - - sic cheap made the
ler; Sa mau - vai - se mu - sique nous don -
nous la co - lique. Dan - sez Ca - lin - da, bou -
dan - - cers weep. Come dance Ca - lin - da, boo -
na la co - lique. Dan - sez Ca - lin - da, bou -

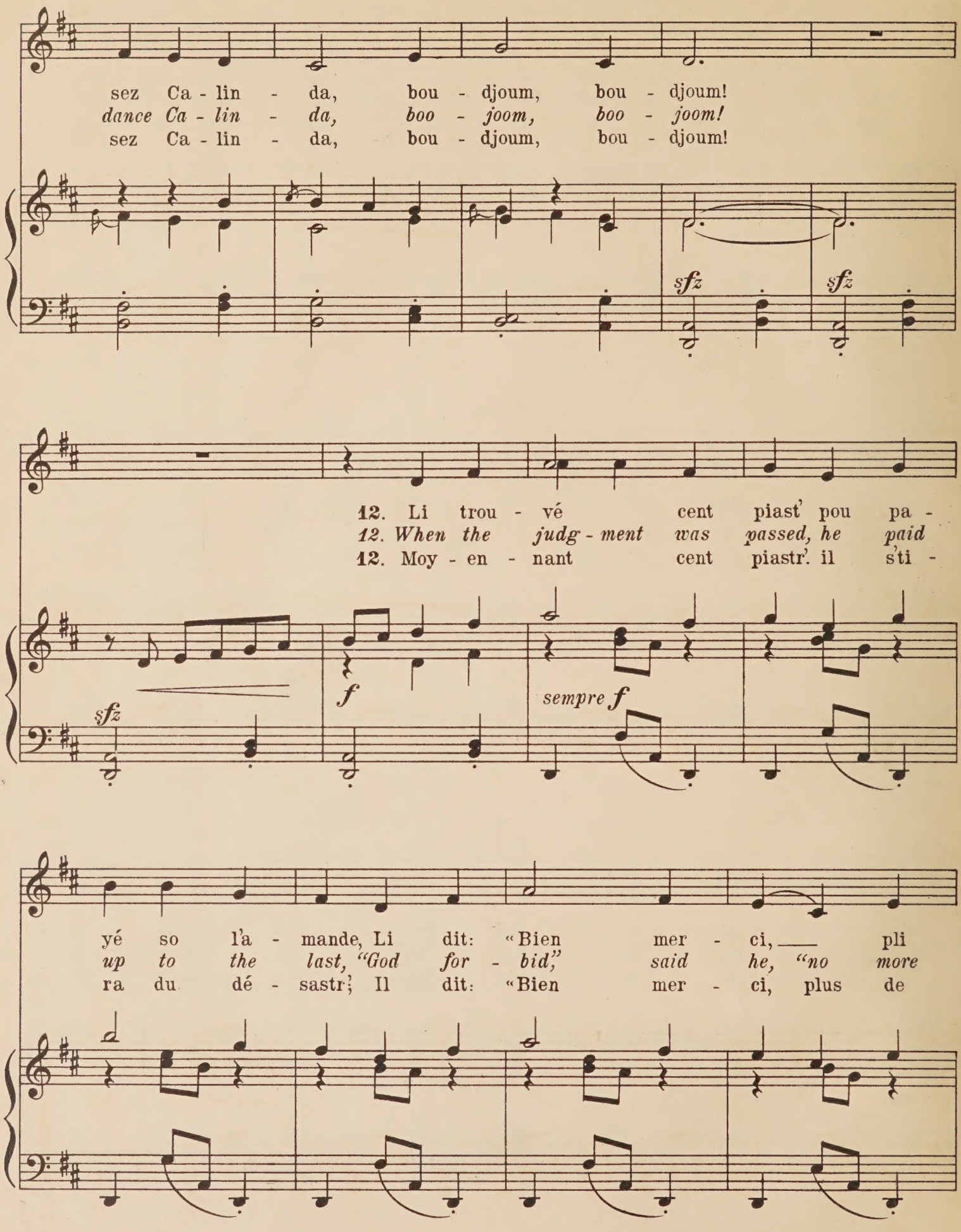
* vié = vieille

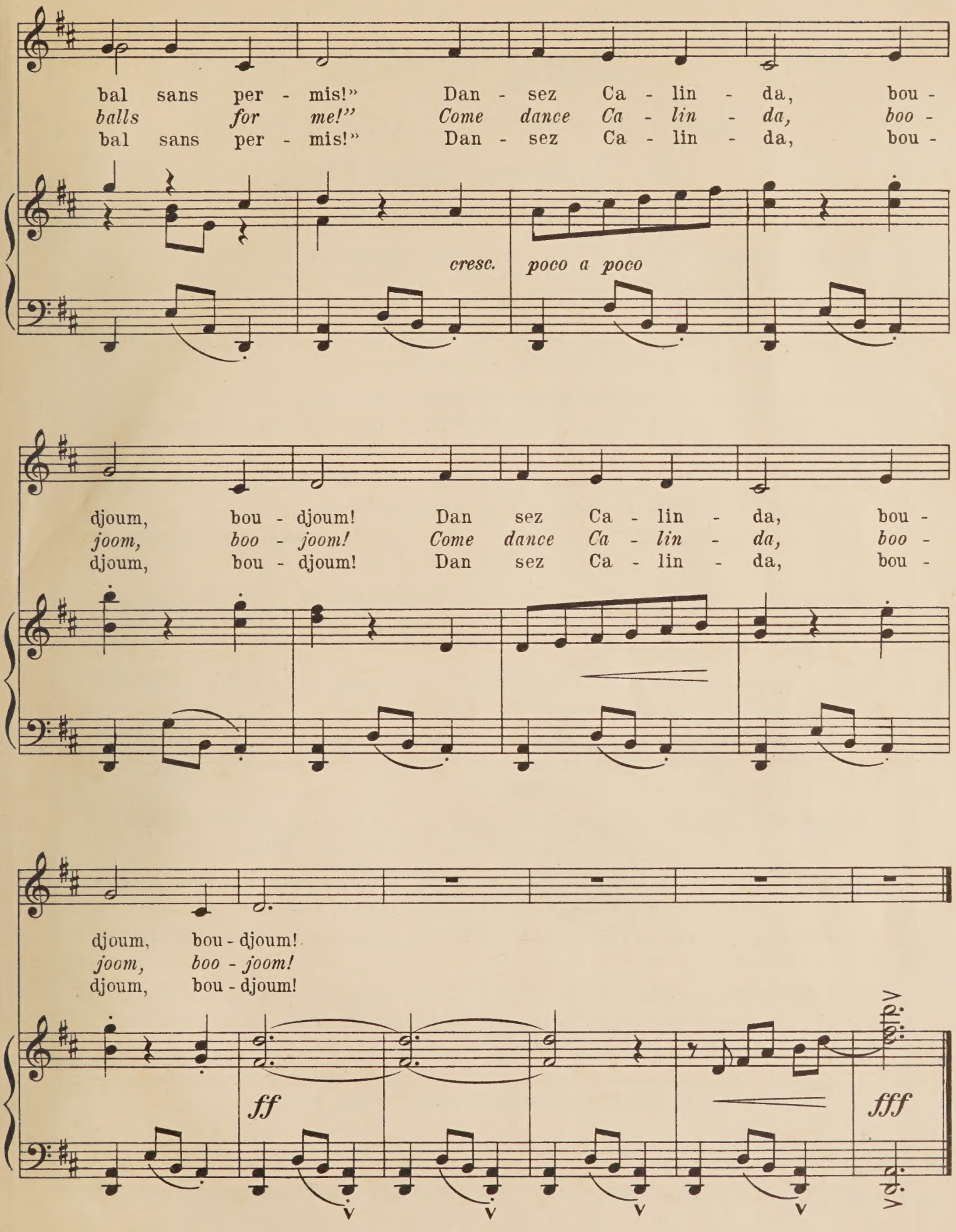
djoum, bou - djoum! Dan - sez Ca - lin - da, bou -
joom, boo - joom! Come dance Ca - lin - da, boo -
djoum, bou - djoum! Dan - sez Ca - lin - da, bou -
djoum, bou - djoum! 10. Pauv' Nan -
joom, boo - joom! 10. And Ma -
djoum, bou - djoum! 10. Pau - vre
sfz
sfz
sfz
f
cy La - biche, qui gain* jambe fi - zeau, Vo - lé
dam Ma - zu - ro gave poor Nance such a blow, As she
Nan - cy La - biche aux jam - bes de fu - zeau, Prit les
non legato
mf

* gain = avait


faux mol - lets à Ma - dame Ma - zu - ro. Dan -
cried on the keg with her sto - len false leg. Come
mol - lets . faux de Ma - dame Ma - zu - ro. Dan -
sez Ca - lin - da, bou - djoum, bou - djoum, Dan - sez Ca - lin -
dance Ca - lin - da, boo - joom, boo - joom! Come dance Ca - lin -
sez Ca - lin - da, bou - djoum, bou - djoum, Dan - sez Ca - lin -
da, bou - djoum, bou - djoum!
da, boo - joom, boo - joom!
da, bou - djoum, bou - djoum!
11. Pauv' Mi -
11. Now the
11. Pau - vre
f
sfz
sfz
sfz


chié Pré - val mo cré li bien ma - lade, Li va
feast is all o'er and Pré - val's might - y sore, Will no
Maî - tre Pré - val se sent - tit bien mal, Ja - mais
non legato
mf
pli don - nain bal dans la rue Hô - pi - tal. Dan -
more ca - rouse in his el - e - gant house. Come
plus donn' - ra bal dans la rue Hô - pi - tal. Dan -
sez Ca - lin - da, bou - djoum, bou - djoum! Dan -
dance Ca - lin - da, boo - joom, boo - joom! Come
sez Ca - lin - da, bou - djoum, bou - djoum! Dan -


sez Ca - lin - da, bou - djoum, bou - djoum!
dance Ca - lin - da, boo - joom, boo - joom!
sez Ca - lin - da, bou - djoum, bou - djoum!
sfz
sfz
12. Li trou - vé cent piast' pou pa -
12. When the judg - ment was passed, he paid
12. Moy - en - nant cent piastr'. il s'ti -
sfz
f
sempre f
yé so l'a - mande, Li dit: «Bien mer - ci, pli
up to the last, "God for - bid," said he, "no more
ra du dé - sastr'; Il dit: «Bien mer - ci, plus de


bal sans per - mis!" Dan - sez Ca - lin - da, bou -
balls for me!" Come dance Ca - lin - da, boo -
bal sans per - mis!" Dan - sez Ca - lin - da, bou -
cresc. poco a poco
djoum, bou - djoum! Dan sez Ca - lin - da, bou -
joom, boo - joom! Come dance Ca - lin - da, boo -
djoum, bou - djoum! Dan sez Ca - lin - da, bou -
djoum, bou - djoum!
joom, boo - joom!
djoum, bou - djoum!
ff
fff

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